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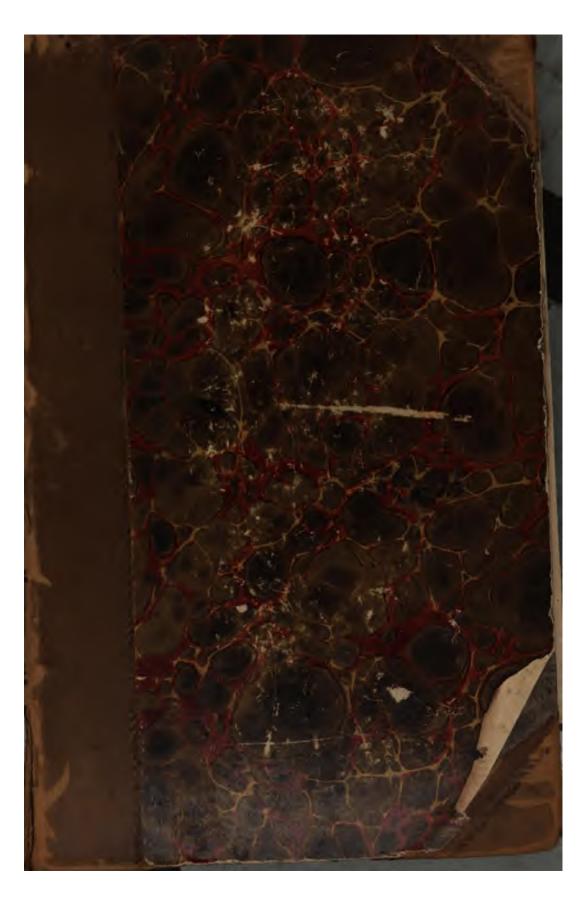
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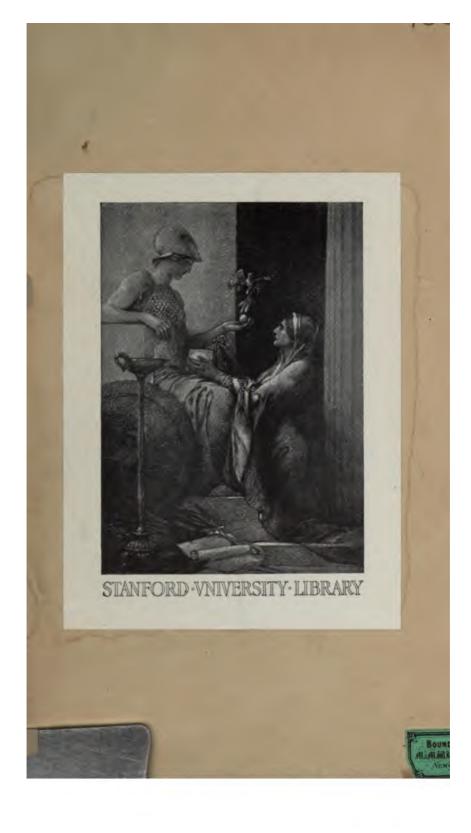
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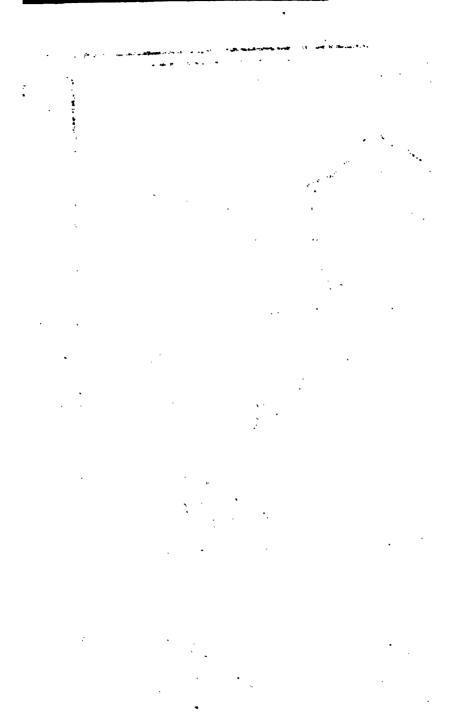
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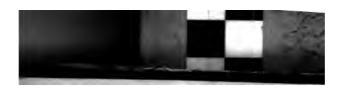
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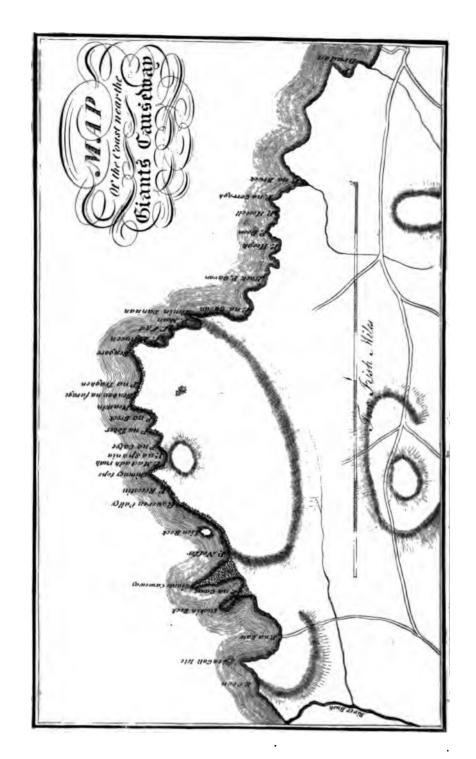
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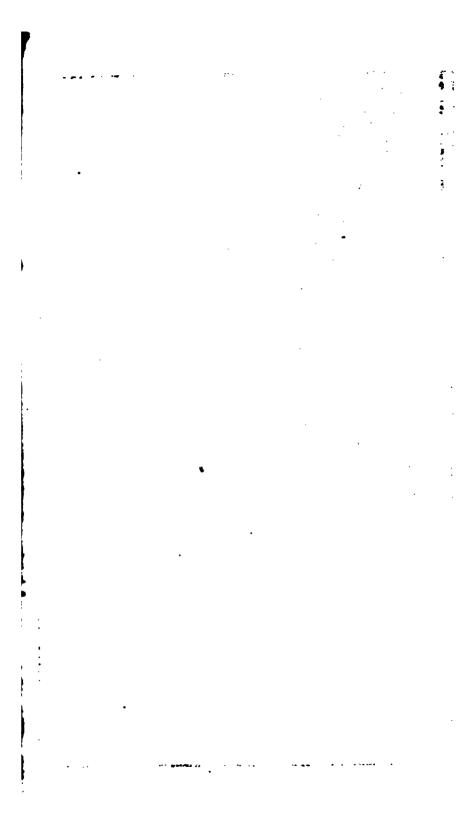
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THE

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY,

A POEM;

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

Belfast :

PRINTED BY JOSEPH SMYTH,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME & BROWNE, LONDON;

DOIG & STEVENSON, EDINBURGH; ARCHER &

WIRLING, T. WARD, AND THE OTHER

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TO

WILLIAM BRUCE, D.D.

MEMBER OF THE BELFAST LITERARY SOCIETY,

AND

PRINCIPAL OF THE BELFAST ACADEMY:

THIS TESTIMONIAL

OF

GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR,



PREFACE.

THE coast of Antrim has long been a subject of laudable curiosity, as it furnishes a fine field for geological enquiry, and presents a grand and novel spectacle to the eye of taste, in the wild sublimity of its promontories, the fantastic winding of its bays, and the romantic variety of its cliffs and rocks:

That the reader may form a general idea of the topography of the coast, let him figure to his imagination a line extending from Belfast to the mouth of the Bann, through a circuit of sixty miles, and presenting some resemblance to the walls of a city, with all its bastions, curtains, and battlements, the stupendous masonry with which nature resists the force of a turbulent ocean. This line is intersected by a great variety of bays, at the extremity of each of which lies a valley, stretching into the country, generally divided by a stream of limpid water, and bounded by basaltic mountains, which form the eastern and western boundaries of each bay. The interior of the county might also be characterized by its vallies running in a direction opposite to those of the coast. Thus the valdies of the Six-mile-water and Glenwhirry, are opposite to those of Larne and Glenarm; the rivers of the former hastening to join the waters of Lough Neagh, while those of the latter empty themselves into the sea.

The first and most eastern valley is that of the Lagan, commencing at Lisburn, or Hillsborough, and extending its varied and finely cultivated fields, sloping to the rising sun, along the mountains of Collin, Devis,* the Cave-hill, Carnmoney-hill, and the Knockagh. In examining these hills, which may be done with facility, by ascending some of the streams which run through their lateral vallies, particularly those of the rivers Collin, Forth and Woodburn, the geologist will find that they rest on a base of variegated sand-stone, dipping to the west. At least this is the lowest stratum which can be traced on the beach, at Ringin point+, and along the roots of the Cave hill. This stratum probably reposes on yellow magnesian limestone, similar to that which emerges on the Holywood shore;—the limestone on greywacke, and the grey-wacke on schist or granite, and this, whether on an elephant, or a tortoise, I shall leave to more profound mineralogists to discover. A fine

^{*} Devis is 1400 feet high; the Cave-hill, at its greatest elevation, 1140; at M'Art's fort, 1100; Carnmoney hill, 750; and the Knockagh, 903.

See Fasciculus fourth of the Belfast Literary Society, by W. Bruce, D.D.

[†]The sand stone here contains elay galls; a circumstance which, independent of its softness, would render it unfit for the purposes of architecture, as the galls drop out, and leave the stone full of cavities.

See Jameson's Geognosy.

section of this sand-stone may be seen at Macedon point, arranged in many-coloured stripes, and cut by vertical veins of an unctuous argillaceous substance, resembling fuller's earth.

Extensive beds of clay, commonly of a red, sometimes of a deep blue colour, and spotted, occur in the vallies of the Forth and Woodburn, and on the shores of Carrickfergus, where it has such tenacity that it is converted into bricks. In general, however, it contains too large a portion of silicious matter to admit this change. It is intersected by gypsum in veins which may vary from half an inch to two feet in thickness, and in such quantity that it is raised for exportation. The gypsum is fibrous in its structure, and in colour white, yellow, and reddish, also transparent and silky. Dr. M'Donnell, a name not to be mentioned without praise for the ardour of his mineralogical researches, has observed that the fibres are always perpendicular to the plane of the horizon, that the crystallization has commenced from the sides of the vein in which it was formed, its extent on each side being distinctly marked by a line of separation, and that where two veins meet, they do not cut, but are melted into each other, from which circumstance it is inferred that they are of coeval formation.*

^{*}Rock salt is often found accompanying this formation, but I do not find that it has been discovered in the county of Antrim, though the strongest salt spring in Ireland, is in the estate of Noah Dalway, esq. near Carrickfergus.

[&]quot;The selenite of Mount Matre, near Paris, is divided into beautiful columns, like basalt; these have five, six, or seven sides, and are from one to two feet in diameter. It is also characterized by its containing petrefactions of quadrupeds

The clay stratum is overlaid by a thin layer of bituminous schist, and this by a blue limestone containing the star stone, or vertebræ pentacrinites, the cornu ammonis, and anomia gryphus. To this succeeds a stratum of arenaceous limestone, often of a green hue, known in this district by the very appropriate name of mulatto, from its mixed nature, and the difference of its colour from the snow-white limestone by which it is covered. This stratum abounds in quartzy pebbles, and organic remains, particularly belemnites*, pectenites, echini, ostracites, cardia, the anomia gryphus, and a substance resembling gyp-

and birds; which latter have been hitherto found only in this formation."

Jameson's Geognosy.

The belemnite and echinus are often found in flint. The former when found either in limestone or mulatto, is generally of a yellow, calcareous, sparry texture on the outside, the center being of the same substance as that in which it is embedded. From some specimens of the echinus which I broke, it appears that they are a solid mass of the same material as that in which they lie, and contain no central crystallization; but the place of the shell, in flint, is marked by a very thin sparry incrustation. In the mulatto the shell is very distinctly preserved; it has become of a sparry texture; is much thicker than that of the urchin, now found in out seas; has no appearance of an opening having ever been at the top, but of two small orifices near each longitudinal extremity of the base, by which the matter was injected. St. Pierre in his IVth Study of Nature, observes, "that many of the cornua ammonis, and single-shelled fossils, which, from their form, have resisted the pressure of the ground, have not ejected their animal matter, but exhibit it within them under the form of crystals, whereas the two-shelled are totally destitute of it." The observation will apply sometimes to the cornu ammonis, not to the echinus, as far as my observation extends....To the above list add the Mytilus crista galli, the dentalium, arco, tellina, and serpula, found in Collin glen, by Mr. Templeton.

sum, which some suppose to be the pinna marina, so closely conglomerated, and united by the arenaceous paste, that they seem, in some places, to compose almost the whole mass.

Above the Mulatto lies a very thick stratum of white limestone, one of the purest carbonatesof lime, also containing belemnites in abundance, cardia more rarely, with flints ranged in horizontal lines, and often, where it is traversed by a dyke, exhibiting a granular structure, like marble. The horizontal lines of its stratification being cut by vertical fissures, it has frequently the appearance of huge quadrangular blocks, artificially built on each other. Its snowy whiteness is strikingly and agreeably opposed to the dark basaltic precipices which rise magnificently above it, or share with it alternate possession of the beach; and while it gives a clearness to the water, and a cheerfulness to the scene, affords a new instance of the beauty and harmony which nature produces by contrast.

One of the most remarkable appearances which will next arrest the observer's attention, is the unconsolidated stratum of mingled flints, limestone, and decomposed basalt, which immediately succeeds. The limestone is reddish, as if tinged by the oxydated iron of the basalt, the basalt friable as an earthy mould, and the flints shivery, as if they had undergone the action of intense heat. The flints, which lie in greatest number on the limestone, vary in colour from a light pink to a rosy red, and contain cavities with a yellow impalpable powder, or minute crystals. They are often striped, as if formed by successive depositions, and exhibit manifest traces of corals, madrepores, and other marine exuviæ, which are supposed

to have supplied the silicious matter, or to have served as its focus of attraction.

Overtopping all is the great stratification of trap, with its subordinate divisions of green stone, porphyry-slate, trap-tuffa, and amygdaloid. The solid trap and the amygdaloid alternate, as may be distinctly seen at the Knockagh, the former showing traces of incipient columnarity, the latter less rent into fissures, often very friable, and indented at its junction with the trap, thickly studded with zeolite, and of a dark grey, brown, or reddish colour. It would require frequent minute examinations to ascertain the order in which the different numerous strata of this formation succeed each other. There is also a stratum of an ocherous vermilion red substance, which may be seen at the base of the precipice of the Cave-hill, but in much greater beauty and extent at Murlogh, and the Giants' Causeway. The porphyry slate, which may be easily distinguished by its slaty fracture, is ornamented with small topaz-coloured crystals of chrysolite or olivin. Small brilliant crystals like sapphires, and opake crystals of shorl, are found in some varieties of the trap; that of Fairhead, which is so coarse as to resemble granite, contains augite. The vesicles of the amygdaloid,* are almond-shaped, tubular, quadrangular, and a series of them is often connected together. They

[•] This substance derives its name from the Greek αμυγδαλος an almond, on account of its almond-shaped cavities. These cavities vary from a line to an inch and a half, perhaps two inches in diameter. One of the finest specimens which I have seen was bought from one of the guides at the Giants' Causeway, by Dr. Ogilby. It is completely detached from

are supposed to have been formed by air bubbles during the deposition of the strata, and to have been afterwards filled or lined by percolation, with the matter by which they are now occupied. This is steatites, calcareous spar, calcedony, opal or zeolite. The last is very prevalent; it is sometimes cubical, often stelliform, and in the beauty, delicacy, and arrangement of its crystals, vies with the thistle's down.

As the characters of basaltic, or whin-stone mountains, the flœtz trap formation of Werner, are too obvious to be mistaken, the description of one may serve for the whole. On one side they generally present a steep precipice, and on the other fall away with a gradual slope. They are flat at the summit, whence they are denominated tabular, and in the bold outline of their profile, have the appearance of gigantic stairs, whence their German name of trap.

To the valley of the Lagan succeed the vales of Gleno and Glynn; the former, so named from its circular shape, contains a beautiful water-fall, bleach-fields, and a very small village, situated so close to the bottom of the hill, that it is not observed by the traveller from the south, till he is immediately above it. On the beach near Glynn, the anomia gryphus, and the vertebræ pentacrinites, are found in abundance in a blue lime. To the N. W. stand the lofty and precipitous cliffs of Agnew's hill, said to be the loftiest hill in the county, and the village of

every past of the parent rock, and forms a small brown box, which, when opened, displays a most beautiful crystallization, Dr. Ogilby has the merit of being the first discoverer of Strong tian earth at Port na Spania,

Larne, at the distance of four miles east from it, in the valley beneath. E. of the bay of Larne, lies the peninsula of Magee, distinguished by the long mural precipices of the Gobbins, which may vary from 200 to 230 feet in height. The limestone which disappears at the commencement of this precipice, again becomes visible at its termination at Port Muck. We find it again on the shores of Larne, but it is lost at the Black cave. The next prominent object of attention is the promontory of Ballygelly, three miles distant from Larne.* Here masses of irregularly prismatic basalt, and a range of gigantic pillars are first observed.

The characteristic conformation of basaltic countries prevails in the glens of Glenarm, Glenclye, Carnalloch, and Glenariff. The channel of Glenarm river running over a bed of whin, abounds in cavities which vary in diameter from a few inches to several feet; a fact, which, as I have not seen it mentioned before, I have now deemed not unworthy of notice. These cavities are generally spherical, and shaped like the concavity of a pot, though they sometimes assume an elliptical form, as if two of them were united into one. They do not appear to have been formed by the fall of water, for they occur in a smooth bed of rock where there is no fall. Dr. M'Donnell ingeniously conjectures, from my description, that they may have been formed by the wearing out of the globular con-

An unsuccessful attempt was made many years ago to discover coals at the Bank-heads, near Larne—Phosphorescent sand-stone is found in the parish of Cairn castle, and some indications of a lead vein have lately presented themselves in Island Magee.....For a more minute account of Larne, Ballygelly, &c. consult the notes.

cretions, with which trap is known to abound. It is thus that Nature lodges the seeds of dissolution in her most durable forms.

The shores of Glenarm are composed of white limestone split into numerous fissures, and intersected on the beach by several massy dykes. One of these dykes measures 26 feet in width, and presents the singular appearance of granular limestone, inserted in a wedge-like form, in the center of its surface.

At the distance of five miles from Glenarm, rises the sharp promontory of Garron point, exhibiting a beautifully diversified trapose outline, and projecting far into the sea, on a limestone base which has been wrought into caverns by the surge. Beyond this, and the romantic vale of Glenariff, on the western shores of Cushendall bay, we meet with a series of new materials, a red sand-stone, in beds five or six feet thick, dipping to the east at a high angle; porphyry in unconformable strata, of a yellowish and blueish external surface, containing veins of jasper; and a curious breccia, or pudding-stone consisting of rounded pebbles of quartz imbedded in a red sand-stone cement.

The caverned rock on which Red Bay castle stands, and the grotesque caves of Cushendun, are formed of this material. Here also are several dykes; one crosses the road on the west side of Red Bay, and may be 30 or 40 feet wide; the second, observable on the beach, is only nine inches broad, running in an irregular direction, and containing veins of calcareous spar, which do not extend to the adjoining beds. A third is four feet broad, of coarse-grained whin, and apparently consisting of three vertical strata.

In Cushleak we meet with gneiss, mica slate, and

granite. The shores of this region are bold, but not perpendicular, and they, as well as the neighbouring hills, by their rounded outline, indicate an arrangement different from that of the basaltic district. A dark blue primary or transition limestone with veins of chlorite and calcareous spar, occurs at the point of Tor: and at Murloch the primitive strata are seen dipping to the N. W. in an angle of about 45°. Freestone occurs here between the strata of trap. Near the center of the grand semicircular sweep of this district, stands the conical mount of Drimnakill, with its massy pillars pointing to the sea. The basaltic formation which is here renewed, attains its highest elevation at Fairhead, rising in proud magnificence over alternate strata of freestone and coal, and thence gradually sloping down to the strand of Ballycastle. The limestone which had disappeared, rises again to claim our attention under new circumstances at Kenbann. Here it is seen both above and below, and imbedded in the basalt, and at Port Cairn it forms one side of a cave, whose other side is of At Knocksoghy and Carrickarede it is lost under a solid unstratified mass of trap, but emerges at the high cliffs of Lirrybann, and forms a beautiful and diversified barrier to Ballintov and Whitepark strand. Beyond this the basaltic arrangement keeps undivided possession of the shore for several miles. It attains its greatest altitude at Pleaskin, and thence slopes away to the Bushfoot strand, exhibiting a most regular stratification of columnar, irregularly prismatic, and tabular basalt. West of Dunluce castle the limestone appears once more, forming a precipitous shore, and split into a variety of fantastic

shapes. It is lost at Portrush, where the chert, petrosilex, or silicious basalt, abounding with impressions of the cornu ammonis, many of which are pyritous, and emulate the splendour of gold, rises to puzzle the geologist. The limestone emerges for the last time, in this extensive range of coast, at Magilligan strand in the county of Londonderry, a strand of great beauty, and of such extent, that the whole army of Phorcus, and all the marine deities might find it spacious enough for a review.

Having taken this rapid view of the general features of the coast, let us return to the Giants' Causeway, the principal object of our present attention.

The Giants' Causeway consists of three moles, composed of basaltic columns, projecting into the sea from the middle of the semicircular bay of Port Noffer. The largest of these moles, known by the name of the grand Causeway, extends in a sloping direction from the base of the cliff, about 300 feet, when it immerges into the ocean. Supposing it once to have had a horizontal position, it has received a slight twist, by which the pillars, where it dips into the sea, have an inclination to the east, while those at the commencement have a small inclination to the west. On the east side stands the giants' loom, a collonnade, about 36 feet high; * and in the opposite cliff may be seen a group of columns known by the name of the organ, to the pipes of which instrument it has a striking resemblance.

^{*}Here also may be seen the giant's well, chair, and theatre. The king and parliament too, in full divan!

Each of the moles, beheld from a short distance, presents the appearance of a most regular pavement; nor is the admiration excited by this regularity diminished on closer inspection. It is now seen that it is not a superficial covering of mosaic, but a solid structure of pillars united to pillars, close as the cells of a honeycomb. The pillars are formed of a remarkaably fine-grained, compact basalt,* and are separable into distinct joints or articulations, which may vary in length from six to twelve inches, and in breadth, from twelve to twenty. The upper and lower extremity of each joint is concave or convex. The concave is indented with a groove near the circumserence, and furnished with a projection from one of its sides, or angles, by which it is locked so closely to the ball of its respective joint, that a separation is not often effected without a fracture of that projection. The prevailing forms are pentagonal, hexagonal, and heptagonal. Some of them on first inspec-

See Kirwan's Mineralogy.

The Wernerians, I understand, call it green stone. I must, however, be allowed to retain the name by which it has been so long and so universally known....The word basilt is derived by some writers from the Greek Βασανιζω, I use as a touch-stone; by others, from the Hebrew Barzal, iron or Basal, baked or burned. Pliny describes it as a rock of iron colour and hardness. "Invenit eadem Ægyptus in Æthiopia quem vocant basaltem, ferrei coloris atque duritiæ; unde et nomen ei dedit." The celebrated statue of Memnon, said to emit musical sounds, when struck by the first rays of the sun, was formed of this rock.

It is generally described as of a greyish black colour, crystalline texture, compact, fine splintery, or flat conchoidal fracture; specific gravity, 2, 9; strikes fire with flint; has a metallic sound; affects the magnetic needle, and is fusible per se.

tion might be mistaken for squares, by reason of the shortness of one or two of their sides.

Between each of the Causeways are large rounded masses of irregularly prismatic basalt. To the westward at Port Coon, the rock is composed of distinct globular concretions. These concretions may be about a foot in diameter, though often not more than two or three inches, formed of concentric pellicles like an onion, and dotted with crystals of cubical iron pyrites.

Of the whin dykes which abound almost every where on the coast, a fine specimen may be seen at the head of the grand Causeway,* and another at the Sea-gull isle. These dykes are walls of whinstone, trap, or prismatic basalt, varying from a few inches to 40 or 50 feet in breadth, penetrating to an unknown depth, and often attended by a softening, or an induration, and a dislocation of the strata through which they pass. Sometimes two of these walls or veins are seen running in parallel lines, and when they are interrupted by a chasm or arm of the sea, they rise on the opposite side with the same distance and parallelism. Thus a continuation of the Antrim dykes is traced on the Scottish shores.

Let us now attend for a moment to the general impression made on the mind by the contemplation of the scenery of Port Nosfer. As to the Giants' Cause-

This dyke is 15 or 16 feet wide, and composed of horisontal prisms. The pillars on the west side of it are horizontal, those on the east, vertical. Dykes derive their name from serving as fences in the North of Scotland.

way, the first feelings of some on beholding it are those of disappointment, arising probably from their having formed extravagant ideas of its magnitude.* The savage grandeur of Fairhead, or of Port na Spania, Pleaskin, and Bengore, contemplated from the water, would probably reflect a more faithful image of the picture in their minds. The Giants' Causeway itself is comparatively small and insignificant; and it derives its chief importance from the surrounding scenery, and from association with its creative cause. But even the scenery of Port Noffer, especially if beheld on a serene day, is not of that imposing kind which immediately overwhelms the senses with astonishment. It is sedate and majestic, not ostentatious and obtrusive. Its character is to be developed not by a rapid glance, but attentive examination. It may be compared to that species of picture named panorama, and to comprehend its beauty it must be considered in detail.

Such however are far from being the feelings of the majority of spectators. Many at the first glance are penetrated with admiration, and are ready to exclaim, "Here is the temple, and the alter of nature,

Those who have been accustomed to rocky and mountainous scenery, will behold such scenes as the coast of Antrim affords, under very different impressions from those who are familiar only with pasture grounds and gardens. An inhabitant of the Alps would probably see but little grandeur in our oasaltic mountains, though a Cockney who has never strayed beyond the suburbs of London would be struck with as much terror as Gray felt in the vale of Keswick. I have heard of a colonel who was so much overpowered by his fears on going down the approach to the Giants' Causeway, that he required two or three brother officers to support him!

devised by her own ingenuity, and executed with a symmetry and grace, a grandeur and a boldness which Nature only could accomplish. Those cliffs faced with magnificent columns; those broken precipices of vermilion-coloured rock; you insulated pillars, obelisks erected before Greece boasted of her architectural skill, or Egypt laid the foundation of her pyramids, proclaim the power and wisdom of their creator. This mole too, so firmly bound and cemented, surpasses the harmony of art, and in stability and grandeur, sets all efforts of rivalship at defiance. It is a monument saved from the convulsion which sunk a continent, and produced the disruption of the isles. For a period beyond all written records it has borne the fury of the waves and tempests, yet still it is solid and unimpaired as when it was first laid, and it seems to claim a duration coeval with the structure of the world,"

After examining the external appearance of the scene, the mind is naturally prompted to enquire into the cause of so extraordinary a formation. The simple inhabitants of the coast, seeing it composed with such an appearance of art and regularity, and unable to account for it by any of the known operations of nature, ascribed it to the hands of giants.* Fin Mac

^{*}General Vallancey says that the old name of the Giantt' Causeway is Cloch na Fomoraic, or the stone of the Carthaginians. "Fomoraic may signify sea commanders, but it also signifies a Giant, or great person, from Fo, a prince, mor, great, raic, strong or mighty."....." It was also called Binguthar, the Giants' cape, or rather the sacred or admirable promoutory, from Guthar, Gaur, Goor, a Druid, prophet, sacred admirable person or thing, and Bin, Ben, a cape or headland.

Collectanea.

Cumhal, the great hero of Irish romance, and who, according to some traditions, rose to the enormous stature of 15 cubits, became the imaginary architect. The columnar appearance of the little island of Staffa which lies nearly in the same meridian, suggested the idea that it had formerly been connected to the shores of Port Noffer, and that the object of the Irish Titans, in the construction of so stupendous a work, was to facilitate their march to the Hebrides, to chastise the inhabitants of those islands, for their predatory excursions to the shores of Ireland.

It is curious to observe how generally the belief in Giants has prevailed. The classical reader does not require to be reminded of the distinguished part which they act in heathen mythology. The inhabitants of Iceland ascribe the vast basaltic masses of that island to the same agency; and we have only to consult the Edda to find that Giants, "or the sons of frost," have the same important task to fill in the mythology of the north, as in that of Greece. The general ascription of such phenomena as exceed the ordinary power of mortals, to the labour of Giants, shows the proneness of the human mind to theorize, and its willingness to adopt or invent any theory rather than remain in suspense.

In Ma Geoghegan' history of Ireland written in French and published in Paris, M,DCC,LVIII. the following curious passage occurs in the first Chapter.

"La chaussée des Geants est-elle un ouvrage de la nature ou de l'arte? c'est une question controversée parmi les Scavans d'Angleterre & d'Irclande. Ceux qui prétendent que c'est un effet de la nature,

le prouvent géometriquement: Ils citent un theoreme d'Enclide, suivant lequel il n'y a que trois figures qui puissent former une surface unie & contique. scavoir, six triangles equilateraux, quatre quarrés et trois bexagones. Or, disent ils, ces regles de l'art n'ont point ete observés dans la chaussée de Geants, qui est faites de poligones à côtés inegaux, quoiqu' ils s'adaptent fort bien aux côtés opposes des piliers voisins, ce qui ne peut etre attribué qu'à une intelligence superieure: d'ailleurs, ajoutent-ils, la jonction des pieces qui forment les piliers, paroit etre un ouvrage de la nature : car dans toutes les autres colonnes tant anciennes que modernes, les pieces sont jointes par des surfaces planes; et on ne concoit pas comment l'articulation des pierres qui composent cette chaussée, peut avoir été faites sans une infinité d'outils qui nous sont inconnus.... Ce raisonnement, quoique plausible, n' est pas bien satisfaisant; car outre qu' il ne suffit pas de ne pas concevoir une chose pour en pouvoir nier l'existence, il est certain qui les arts ont eu leurs revolutions, et qu'il y en a eu beaucoup qui ont été en vigueur autrefois, et qui ne . sont pas parvenus jusqu'à nous.

We need not wonder at this observation, since there are many even now among the vulgar great, as well as among the vulgar little, who are contented with the theory of the giants. Philosophers however have long been of a different opinion, and it now remains only to trace the history of their enquiries. This task has been so fully and ably excuted by Kirwan and Hamilton, that little more is left for me, than the pleasure of abridging their more detailed accounts.

Towards the conclusion of the 17th century, when a spirit of philosophical investigation began to be diffused by the exertions of the Royal Society, descriptions were written, drawings made, and theories formed, to account for the formation of so extraordinary a phenomenon. The descriptions and drawings were in general very incorrect. The wild and rugged scenery of Port Noffer was adorned with groves and houses, by the imagination of the artist; and a philosophical observer, a Cambridge Master of arts, described the basaltic pillars as four-squared cylinders, without joints!

In 1740, the attention of philosophers which had lain dormant for nearly half a century upon this subject, was again excited by two beautiful engravings of the Giants' Causeway, from paintings by Mrs. Susannah Drury, which had obtained the premium appointed for the encouragement of arts, in Ireland. Soon after this, Dr. Pococke made a tour of the county of Antrim, and gave a theory of basaltes, in which he supposes that they were formed by successive fits of precipitation from a watery medium, that at first they were erect cylinders, touching only in right lines, and that while they were yet in a soft state, they yielded to the encreasing pressure from above, and spread themselves out so as to fill up the vacuities, and thus became polygonal articulated pillars.

The circumstance which led to a more minute investigation of the origin of basalt, was the discovery of some ancient volcanoes, now extinct, in Auvergue, by M. Guethard, of the Royal Academy of Paris, in 1757. Desmaretz, in 1763, travelling through the same country, saw a multitude of basaltic pillars, and

afterwards some articulated columns similar to those of the Giants' Causeway, which, from their eterdal appearance, and concomitant minerals, he pronounced to be of volcanic origin, and supposed that granite was the mother stone. The same opinion derived support from M. Raspe, in 1771; and in 1774, M. Monnet deeming it absurd to suppose that so regular a conformation could take place during a volcanic eruption, concluded that basaltes were formed in the bosom of the volcano where they were originally fused. Mr. Hamilton espoused this hypothesis, and endeavoured to prove that they were crystallized from a state of tranquil fusion by slow refrigeration in the focus of a volcano, which was rent and exposed by subsequent convulsions.

The Neptunists were not inactive during this period. In 1777, the volcanic hypothesis met a formidable adversary in the celebrated Bergman. And at length, the arguments adduced by Neptunists and Volcanists seemed to balance each other so equally, that philosophers began to suspect that basalt might originate in some instances from water, and in others from fire. It was reserved for Werner of Fribourg to give a deadly blow* to the volcanic system. Having observed the transition of basalt into wacken, of wacken into clay, and of this clay into quartzy saud, a substance never suspected of having any but an aqueous origin, by an easy application of the fundamental laws of mineralogy, inferred that basalt must also have been formed in the same fluid.

[·] Kirwan.

Dr. Richardson has lately distinguished himself by several papers on basaltic subjects, and his decider? hostility to every theory except his own, which he has lately advanced. He does not, as far as I know. attempt any explanation of the mode in which basaltes were formed, but confines himself to the general structure and arrangement of the strata. He contends that all our present strata are the undisturbed remains of a great tract of country which has been swept away by some powerful cause acting vertically from above. The Cave-bill, Sleimis, Banyavenagh. and other basaltic mountains, are, according to his conjecture, like so many rocks which have withstood the powerful corrosion of the force which swept away the surrounding and connecting materials; a corresion so violent, that it not only scooped out extensive vallies, but stripped whole mountainous districts, as that of the Sandy braes, which is four miles in diameter, of the basaltic stratification with which he supposes it to have been covered. What this cause was, the Doctor leaves his readers to conjecture, and he is decided that it was neither fire nor water. Was the tail of Whiston's comet the besom of destruction with which our tallies were swept?

To enter into an examination of this hypothesis, would be incompatible with the limits of a preface, already so prolix. Nevertheless, it may be observed that if the strata, were once horizontal, some powerful cause acting from beneath, such a cause as we know to exist, may have caused the present dislocation: and the same cause might also produce the perpendicular elevation of our promontories, and their disruption from the strata, with which they were once continuous.

We know of no cause in nature acting vertically from above, in the manner supposed by Dr. Richardson. and we may question the philosophy of assuming new and unknown agencies, while those which are known are fully adequate to produce the effect. That there is a known cause fully adequate, is obvious to all who have read of the effects of a volcano, not to speak of the more powerful and extensive influence of earthquakes. If any cause had swept away a superincumbent stratification, we should expect to find the debris along our shores, forming gentle declivities down to the beach, and not a continued series of stupendous precipices, three, four, and five hundred feet high. Or shall we suppose that the strata were carried in an opposite direction, and that Lough Neagh was the grand recipient prepared by nature for absorbing the vast debris? the most fiery Huttonian could not desire a more sweeping fact than this.

That a great system of disintegration has been carried on, and is still in progress, is sufficiently apparent. But we see where the debris bas been transported, in the alluvial soil bounding the channel of our rivers. Playfair supposes rivers in the lapse of ages fully competent to produce vallies, and consequently cause a discontinuity of the strata. But why not suppose original inequalities produced by particular deposites; or, what is more probable, by a perturbing force from beneath?

"Obliquity of direction, the Dr. observes, must have been the result of a disturbing cause from below, whereas, parallelism, and a steady rectilineal course, distinguish the basaltic arrangement of this promontory." (Bengore.) Have not the whole of the strata of the promontory in question an oblique direction, though parallel with respect to each other? But though we had not these unequivocal proofs of a disturbing cause from beneath, its agency, notwithstanding, might be admitted. A disturbing force does not necessarily imply the universal obliquity, contortion, and disruption of the strata. Such a concussion as was felt by the greater part of Europe, at the time of the earthquake of Lisbon might produce awful changes in the general system, might bury half a continent in the waves, and leave the other half without any change in the relative position of its materials.

From the similarity of the materials which compose Rathlin and the opposite coast of Antrim, it has been conjectured that they were once united. And it is not impossible that Rathlin may have been actually severed from Ireland, though it seems more probable that the strata by which they were connected, nay, that a tract of country extending to the Hebrides, and literally joining Staffa to the Giants' Causeway, has been engulfed in the deep.

In the third book of the following poem and notes, I have attempted to give a brief description of the three principal theories which endeavour to account for the formation of basaltes, without having professed a decided anachment to any.

On a subject in which such a diversity of opinion prevails among the most distinguished philosophers, it is by no means easy to arrive at a determinate conclusion. The favourite hypothesis of yesterday is overthrown by the newly-discovered facts of to-day. The candid enquirer, who has not been educated as

the disciple of any school, will often find his situation similar to that of Menippus in Lucian. The arguments brought by one class of philosophers were put with such force, that he could not deny the very same substance to be warm, which others, by arguments equally strong, demonstrated to be cold, though he was perfectly assured that it was impossible for the same thing to be both hot and cold at the same time. Now the aqueous, and now the igneous theory prevails. We must leave it to time, and the accumulation of new facts to decide between them.

An amateur, like me, who has not advanced beyond the threshold of the temple of Geological Science, must beg indulgence of the reader for presuming to touch this subject.

" Into the hell of hells I have presumed,
A sacred guest, and breached infernal air."

There is more reason for this apology, as the subject is already in the hands of one fully qualified to do it justice. From Dr. Mac Dounell, the zealous friend and encourager of genius in all its departments, and to whose liberal communications I have been frequently and largely indebted, the world may soon expect a detailed and satisfactory account of the mineralogy of the county of Antrim.

From my esteemed friend, Mr. S. Bryson, I have received most of the derivations of the Irish names which occur in the notes.

Mount Collyer, Nov. 1811.

ERRATA.

Page 30, line 10, for new-born, read new-formed—page 97, line 9, for entwine read untwine—139, line 3 from the bottom, for lime-stone, read sand-stone—see the preface for a more minute account of the strata of this hill.—144, l. 5, for quartz, read calcareous spar—169, l. 16 from the bottom, for exaggeration, read aggravation.—Besides these, there are several typographical errors which the reader may easily detect and rectify.

POEMS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, a poem in two books, price 5s. British.

Translation of the first Book of Lucrerius into English verse; for character see Monthly Review, Dec. 1809. price 5s.

Printed for LONGMAN, &c. London; Doio and STEVENson, Edinburgh; and ARCHER and WARD, Belfast.



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GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

ARGUMENT.

THE

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

BOOK FIRST.

COME lonely Genius of my natal shore,
From cave or bower, wild glen, or mountain hoar;
And while by ocean's rugged bounds I muse,
Thy solemn influence o'er my soul diffuse;
Whether thou wanderest o'er the craggy steep,
Where the lorn spirits of the tempest weep,
Or rov'st with trackless footsteps o'er the waves,
Or wak'st the echoes of thy hundred caves;
With joy I hail thy visionary form,
Rough, dark, august, and clad in night and storm:

To me more dear thy rocky realm by far,

The cliff, the whirlwind, and the billowy war,

Than e'en the loveliest scenes which Flora yields,

Her myrtle bowers, or incense-breathing fields.

Yet mid thy rocks might some wild flowrets bloom,
And first for me exhale their sweet perfume,
Yielding a chaplet to my vagrant muse,
Blooming and pearled with fresh Parnassian dews;
Though tempests roared in every dark-browed cave,
And wild beneath me burst the yawning wave,
O'er the high steep how ardent would I rise,
Elate with hope to seize the glorious prize!

How sweet to wander here when orient day
Tinges with roseate hue the milky spray!
What time the Spring from Winter's bondage clear,
Wakes into life and joy the infant year;
When smile the cloudless heavens, and western gales
Sport in the tumbling billows' glassy vales.
See! where exulting o'er the azure field,
The day's bright regent lifts his golden shield,

Round, dazzling, vast, ethereal world of flame, That warms, illumes, sustains this beauteous frame. Roll on bright orb, in peerless splendour roll; To worlds on worlds the life-diffusing soul: Around thy path what nameless glories stream. Fire the blue vault, and o'er the billows gleam, As if the heavens revealed to mortal sight, Their topaz pavements in a blaze of light: And through the morn's red portals poured abroad, Life, love, and rapture, from the throne of God. Burnished with gold, the cliffs resplendent shine, And cast their shadows in the glancing brine, Trembling and soft, as though the magic hand Of some cerulean nymph, in colours bland, Had traced the scene, and back to nature gave Her beauteous image from the pictured wave. Light flit the vapours o'er the distant hill, The prospect opens wide and wider still; Cantire's blue heights with purple radiance glow, And Jura's paps yet white with winter snow; Bright o'er the billows shine the sparkling isles, And heaven on earth with boundless beauty smiles.

O thou whose soul the muses' lore inspires, Whose bosom science warms, or genius fires, If nature charm thee in her wildest forms, Throned on the cliff 'midst cataracts and storms; Or with surpassing harmony arrayed, In pillared mole, or towering colonnade, Seek Dalriada's wild romantic shore-Wind through her vallies, and her capes explore. Let folly's sons to lands far distant roam, And praise the charms of every clime but home. Yet sure such scenes can Dalriada boast, As please the painter and the poet most; Swift torrents foaming down the mountain side, Rocks that in clouds grotesque their summits hide, Gigantic pyramids, embattled steeps, Bastions and temples nodding o'er the deeps, Aerial bridges o'er vast fissures thrown, Triumphal arches, gods of living stone, Æolian antres, thunder-rifted spires, And all the wonders of volcanic fires. Here broken, shattered, in confusion dread, Towers, bridges, arches, gods and temples spread:

Stupendous wrecks, where awful wildness reigns!

While all th' ideal forms which fancy feigns

Sweep the dun rack, and to the poet's eyes,

In many a strange embodied shape arise.

In scenes like these did Collins first behold

Pale Fear, and Danger's limbs of Giant mould;

Gray poured the sorrows of his Cambrian lyre,

And mighty Shakespeare breathed heaven's pure ethereal fire.

Ye cliffs and grots where boding tempests wail,
Ye terraced capes, ye rocks, ye billows hail:
Amazing scene, how wild, how wondrous grand,
In circuit vast, the pillared shores expand!
Great fane of God! where nature sits enshrined,
Pouring her inspiration o'er the mind.—
Mid pointed obelisks, and rocky bowers,
And tessellated moles, and giant towers,
She reigns sublime; while round her throne repair
The fleet-winged spirits of the sea and air,
And through yon pillars, organ of the blast,
When sounding Boreas bends the groaning mast,

Bid the long deep majestic anthem rise, In mighty concert to the echoing skies, And warring floods——

Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The giants' pier the war of tempests braves,
A far projecting, firm, basaltic way
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal, or immortal hand.

Ye favoured few, whom nature's partial care

Leads through the realms of ocean, earth and air;

Who read with piercing eye her various laws,

Mark each effect, and trace the latent cause;

But chief do thou Mac Donnell, taught to scan

Each form and feature of the beauteous plan,

Declare did Ocean, in his secret bed,

When erst his waves the shoreless world o'erspread,

Or central fires, or fierce volcanic flame,

In sulphurous gulf profound, the wonder frame?

The sportive fancy of th' untutored swain,

To wonder prone, and slave to error's reign,

Unskilled to search how nature's plastic hand

Moulds the rough rock, and forms the solid land;

To Fion, ruler of the giant line,

Ascribes the glory of the strange design;

And fondly deems, though reason spurn the thought,

That human power the massy fabric wrought.

Nor let the sage, in lettered pride severe,

The simple legend with impatience hear.

From Albin oft, when darkness veiled the pole,
Swift o'er the surge the tartaned plunderers stole,
And Erin's vales with purple torrents ran,
Beneath the claymores of the murd'rous clan;
Till Cumhal's son, to Dalriada's coast,
Led the tall squadrons of his Finnian host,
Where his bold thought the wondrous plan designed,
The proud conception of a giant mind,
To bridge the ocean for the march of war,
And wheel round Albin's shores his conquering car.

For many a league along the quarried shore, Each storm-swept cape the race gigantic tore; And though untaught by Grecian lore to trace The Doric grandeur, or Corinthian grace; Not void of skill in geometric rules, With art disdaining all the pride of schools, Each mighty artist, from the yielding rock, Hewed many a polished, dark, prismatic block; One end was modelled like the rounded bone, One formed a socket for its convex stone; Then side to side and joint to joint they bound, Columns on columns locked, and mound on mound: Close as the golden cells which bees compose, So close they ranged them in compacted rows, Till rolling time beheld the fabric rise, Span the horizon, and invade the skies, And, curved concentric to the starry sphere, Mount o'er the thunder's path, and storm's career: To Staffa's rock th' enormous arch they threw, And Albin trembled as the wonder grew.

Thus Death and Sin, when from the realms of night,
They traced through chaos the archangel's flight,
Chained to hell's beach a mole of wondrous length,
And raised a bridge of adamantine strength,

11

Connecting earth and hell; a spacious road, Smooth, sloping downward to th' accurs'd abode.

When first to Staffa's cavern'd shores they came, They reared a palace of stupendous frame, Worthy their chief, and honoured by his name: Deep in the surge, the broad dense base they spread, And raised to heaven the massy columns' head; High rose the rock-wove arch, and o'er the flood, Like Neptune's fane the pillared structure stood, Solemn, and grand beyond the laboured pile Of Gothic fane, or minster's vaulted aisle. Oft has its wild harmonious echoes rung, As minstrels sweet to deeds of glory strung Their deep-toned harps, or warrior chieftains strong Raised the loud chorus of the martial song. Now the lone sea-bird's melancholy wail Sounds through the vault, and loads the murmuring gale: While thundering Ocean all his billows calls, And rolls in foam along the fluted walls, That back return such harmony of sound, As if an hundred bards were ranged around,

12

Bowed o'er the columns, striving to disarm

The tempest's rage by music's sweetest charm;

Or Ossian's thrilling harp, suspended high,

Trilled by Æolian minstrels' pensive sigh,

Awoke such notes as saints delighted hear,

Or angel spirits pour on mortal ear,

Now armed for war, along their iron road,
Stern in their ire, the giant warriors strode;
As files on files advanced in serried might,
How flashed their arms' intolerable light;
Casques, shields and spears, and banners floating gay,
And mail-clad steeds, and chariots' proud array,
Bright glancing as the fires which heaven adorn,
When fair Aurora brings the boreal morn!
Thus monstrous forms o'er heaven's nocturnal arch,
Seen by the sage, in pomp celestial march;
See Aries there his glittering brow unfold,
And raging Taurus toss his horns of gold;
With bended bow the sullen Archer lowers,
And there Aquarius comes with all his showers;

Lions and Centaurs, Gorgons, Hydras rise,

And Gods and Heroes blaze along the skies.

Then mighty deeds that giant race had wrought,
And bold beyond the muse's boldest thought;
Had dared, perchance, with unresisted sway,
To force to Scandia's shores their onward way;
Or like their earth-born sires, infuriate driven,
Had matched their arms against the might of heaven:
But deep dismay spread Albin's shores around,
When crouding frequent to each sacred mound
Of rocks, or crags that ne'er felt chisel's stroke,
By hill or glen, or wood of hallowed oak;
Bards, Druids, Warriors, as their altars blaze,
For aid, for vengeance loud petitions raise;
Three days thrice told, on Odin loud they call,
Each day sees thrice three human victims fall.

"Rise mighty Odin, rise in power divine,
And sink to Hela's gulf our foes and thine,
These sons of Frost, whom mad ambition goads
To brave thy power, and scale thy blest abodes."

Through on dark clouds, dread Odin heard from far,

In icy realms beneath the northern star,

Where in Valhalla's courts his warlike train

Quaff the brown draught from skulls of heroes slain:

Deep-moved he rose, and soon with loud alarms

Heaven's pavements rang, as Odin rushed to arms.

Swift down the bow of many a fulgent dye,

Bridge of the Gods, th' immortal footsteps hie;

Hail, sleet and darkness o'er his bosom spread,

The rush of waters roared around his head,

While wrapt is light'ning and devouring storm,

He swept the winds, a dim terrific form;

Aloft in wrath his brandished arm he raised,

Bright in his hand the hissing thunder blazed,

While on the centre of the arch he stood,

And sent his potent mandate o'er the flood.

"Arise," he cried, "ye ministers of ire, Ye hurricanes, ye floods, and red-winged fire; Arise, go forth in congregated might, And whelm these impious toils in lasting night." Then livid fires the vault of heaven o'ercast,
High rose the floods, and furious howled the blast;
Then Lochlin's Gods in might resistless came;
Thor's mace impetuous smote the trembling frame;
The sister fates, twelve dark tremendous shades,
Sang their dire spells, and waved their shining blades,
While Loke and Hela, from their chains unbound,
Shook to its rooted base the yawning ground:
Then tossed each isle, and cliff, and rugged steep,
Wild rolled the mountains like a stormy deep,
And crashing, roaring, thundering loud to heaven,
Down rushed the arch, in shattered fragments riven,
With horrid din, as if th' exploding ball,
And heaven's rent pillars mingled in their fall.

Deep in the dreary caves of ocean lie
The ponderous ruins far from mortal eye:
Yet each abutment of the structure stands
A proud memorial of the giant bands,
Through earth's extended realms renowned afar,
As great in peace, and terrible in war.
And then, if earth to heaven in arms opposed,
Might aught avail, in conflict had they closed

With Lochlin's gods, and Odin, taught to feel, Had rued the dist of Fion's better seel. But by enchanted spells unnerv'd they stood. Fixed to the beach, till horror chilled their blood, And total change pervading nerve and bone, Hard grew their limbs, and all were turned to stone. Now oft their shadowy spectres, flitting light. Croud to their favourite mole at noon of night, In fancy's eye, the curious toi pursue, And all the tasks that pleased in life renew. One, huge of stature, dark beneath the gloom, Grasps in his brawny hand the mimic loom; One rides the lion rock; in cadence low, One bids the organ's beauteous structure blow: While far aloof on you lone column's height, Their Lord and Hero glories in the sight.

Thus grey Tradition tells the wondrous tale, And Fancy's visions thus for truth prevail.

What forms august of kings and heroes bold Bear my rapt spirit to the times of old? Genius of Ossian! say what rocky dell Hears the wild inspiration of thy shell? What mighty spirits of thy sires renowned, Bow from their airy halls to hear the sound?

Ah me! no more these whispering rocks among Floats the sweet voice of minstrelsy and song; Around the blazing oak, no Finnian train Hear their loved Ossian's soul-subduing strain; No more they mingle in the war's alarms, Nor hail the glorious din of death in arms: The wild heath blossoms o'er their mountain bed, Dark in the house of breathless slumber spread; A high-heaped cairn of grey unsculptured stones, Raised to the storm, protects the heroes' bones; There dumb oblivion spreads her Stygian wings, And the shrill blast their sullen requiem sings.

But still the heaven-rapt bard, whose glowing mind
Not Death can hold, nor Hell's strong limits bind,
Around these capes beholds their spirits roam,
Sees their light corraghs ride the northern foam:
Shields, spears, and crested helms around him start,
And sounds celestial vibrate to his heart.

Oft he recals those mournful days of yore, When blazed the baleful war-torch round the shore. As through the rampired cliffs the battle-horn Pealed its shrill echoes on the ear of morn; When rival clans, with fell ambition strove. Inspired by glory, dire revenge, or love. And now he cons how Deirdre's fatal charms Roused all the valour of the isle to arms: How great Tirowen on the Saxon horde Proved the keen temper of Ultonia's sword; Or Sourlebuoy, from lonely glen or hill, Poured through the martial pipe his pibrock shrill: 'Till Aura, tinged with many a crimson spring, Heard Erin's steel on Albin's target ring, And saw the wily Gäel, turned from flight, Roll on his scattered foes the storm of fight. -Now-to the heughs of black polluted shade, He sees the fierce Monro, with gory blade Sweep like a driving flame before the wind, And headlong hurl the poor defenceless hind .-Anon he hears, round Derry's castled walls, Dire Famine howling as the warrior falls,

Sees the pale mother with despairing eye,
Clasp to her milkless breast her babe and die.
Hark! the boom crashes—heaven impels the sail;
Thou man of men, bail patriot Walker, hail!

Muse of historic lore, to fame unfold

The glowing page of Erin's days of gold——

What time her hordes the ever-teeming north

Sent, like the storms of desolation forth;

Loud shrieked the genius of expiring Rome,

And Learning, Arts and Science wept their doom,

'Till exided far from Latium's prostrate fanes,

They poured their radiance on Ierne's plains;

Then heard these rocks Sicilian muses sing,

The reed's soft warblings, and the epic string;

Then Peace, in wilds like these, her temple raised,

Here the pure altars of Religion blazed;

Joy rang the harp, and heaven's according smile

Approved the lay, and blessed the holy isle.

O age of glory! age for ever fled!

Shades of my fathers! spirits of the dead!

Is Erin's fame deep buried in your urn,

Cold in the grasp of death no more to burn.

Oh! has the harp's last chord to sorrow strung,

The funeral dirge of Erin's glory rung?

Then burst indignant—scorning more to raise

A cold and lifeless recreant nation's praise!

Mute, mute the harp! for ever lost the art
Which roused to rapture each Milesian heart;
Cold, cold the hands whose thrilling touch sublime
Caught the rapt ear, and stayed the flight of time!
With blasting dews the charmer lies o'erspread,
Burst every chord—her soul for ever fled!

Yet, with regret, let memory fond retrace
The long lost honours of the tuneful race,
When all their souls with holy ardour fired,
In Erin's youth the patriot flame inspired,
And rolled the rapid dithyrambic strain,
To urge them furious on the robber Dane;
When fell Turgesius, on th' ensanguined coast,
Raised the proud banners of his pirate host;

Or Cnutus, royal plunderer, seized with fear,
Felt on Clontarf the might of Erin's spear.
Wild as they sung, pale Scandia loud deplored
Her raven, smote beneath the Finnian sword.
But when they changed their varying chords, they
bound

Each raging passion in the chains of sound;

Love, pity, rapture, all the world of soul,

Hung on their strings, and owned their bland controul.

Oft on these shores they bade the youth advance, With measured footstep, to the martial dance, Or with a solemn, slow, majestic tread, Round the tall tower the holy circuit led; Or when the mountain tops, in splendour bright, Roused all their fires to hail the god of light, In loftier tones the hallowed numbers flowed, And raised to heaven the spirit-breathing ode, Then first in glory, as in worth they moved, By nations honoured, and by monarchs loved.

When Albion's vanes first waved on Erin's strand, And Saxon craft had rent the bleeding land, While rival chiefs their country's life assailed, And Discord triumphed where the sword had failed, Swift fell Oppression's vengeful bolts among The sacred sons of liberty and song. Oh power accursed! oh ill-requited race! Pride of the land, her glory and disgrace! For this did Erin's love your harps inspire, For this heaven touch your souls with living fire? Crushed, banished, bleeding, in what lonely glade, Rose like the wounded bird's in deepest shade, Your dirge of death,-while Freedom sat and sighed. O'er the fall'n wreath of Erin's withered pride? By rocks like these that heard the eagle's scream, Or wolf, loud howling by the moon's pale beam, Or on the battle field, o'er heaps of dead, Where Erin's sons by mutual wounds had bled, The blood-stained harp bade all its sorrows flow, So wildly sweet, with such prevailing woe, That yet its echoes, faintly though they roll Down time's long current, rouse and thrill the soul. Oft too it raised its loud commanding strains, Bold as the spirit in the patriot's veins,

For Erin's warriors, in collected might,

To grasp the spear of Liberty and Right,

And like their sires, in terrible array,

Again renew Clontarf's illustrious day.—

—Now mute its voice—Oblivion whelms their name,

And not a bard survives to mourn his country's shame.

Here too his sacred lore the Druid taught,
Here breathed the fires of elevated thought,
Th' undaunted spirit of the martial strife,
The proud, heroic, generous scorn of life;
Bold in the faith that death dissolves the tics
Which hold the soul's pure essence from the skies.
Raised on a slope once crowned with waving wood,
Unsheltered now, and bare, his altar stood:
Three pointed crags the ponderous load sustain,
Unhewn, sonorous, of basaltic grain,
Work of gigantic hands; and spread around
A stony circle marks the mystic ground.

Beneath imbowering rocks I see the sage, His soul high panting with prophetic rage,

Long trails of light his glistening vestments flow,
Like lucid foam descends his beard of snow,
O'er his broad temples bound with shady green,
Bright shine the crescent's horns of silvery sheen,
And in his hand the misletoe behold,
Lopt from its parent oak with blade of gold.
What big emotion heaves his panting heart,
Swift from his tongue what thrilling accents start!
Be hushed ye winds; roll calm thou murmuring deep;
Soft in your caves ye gentle echoes sleep!
See, his rapt soul feels inspiration's glow,
And a God dictates as the numbers flow.

- "Rise, rise ye ages from the mists of night,
- "Rend time's dark veil, and burst upon my sight!
- " Round Sleimis see what beams of glory play,
- " A sainted stranger pours the flood of day!
- " A cross he bears whose high and potent spell
- " Has burst the adamantine gates of hell;
- " And in his hand the sacred charter brings
- " Of life immortal from the king of kings.

- "Where'er he treads what new-born joys abound,
- " Serpents and dragons flee the hostile ground,
- "The monsters of the wild his voice obey,
- "And Pride and Lust more furious far than they;
- " Peace rains her holy influence from above,
- "And Virtue triumphs with redeeming Love!
 - " Rise, rise ye ages from the mists of night,
- "Rend time's dark veil, and burst upon my sight!
- " Before the breeze rapacious Lochlin sails-
- "White bleach her bones in Erin's rescued vales-
- "-Ah! hated vision! trembling, and alone,
- "A foul adulterer bows at England's throne;
- "The Norman vulture o'er th' empurpled flood.
- "Steers her fell flight to gorge on Erin's blood:
- "Mourn, Innisfail! her banner Discord waves,
- "And chants her war-song o'er thy childrens' graves;
- "The sanguine mists of carnage taint the air,
- "Thy grass-grown courts are now the wild deer's lair;
- "Yet still unbroken, still inspiring dread,
- "Thy maddening spear in Saxon blood grows red.

- "Rise, happier ages, from the mists of night,
- " Read time's dark veil, and burst upon my sight!
- " Boyne foams with blood-a coward monarch flies,
- "War sheathes his gory blade-Rebellion dies!
- "No more fell Faction hurls her flaming brand,
- "But smiling Concord waves her olive wand:
- " From east to west see equal rights prevail,
- " And Erin's seas are now Britannia's pale.
- " One king, one sceptre rules the sister isles,
- "In Union's flowery wreaths blithe Erin smiles;
- "By mutual love, for mutual strength combined,
- "See, round the rose the verdant shamrock twined;
- "Joy crouds the street, and carols with the swain,
- " Truth, Justice Mercy here for ever reign.

Ceased is the voice—but still the sound I hear
In soft melodious murmurs meet my ear,
And still the rocks repeat the dulcet strain,
"Truth, Justice, Mercy, here for ever reign."

Here good Columba showed in Christian skies, The lucid day-star of Salvation rise ;

Bright beamed its glory, and with power divine,
Pierced through the darkness of the pagan shrine;
The lone bleak Hebrids caught its cheering rays,
Thence far Iona's altars drew their blaze,
And soon the barren crag, and savage wild
With fruits and flowers of growth immortal smiled.

Where Margy's walls, unroofed and mouldering stand,

Mid the long rye-grass rustling o'er the sand,
Where many a heaving sod, and rustic stone,
Death, dread destroyer, mark the place thy own,
What sacred orisons with morn arose,
What heaven-taught vespers blest the ev'ning's close!
Lost to the world, its follies all forgot,
There chose the monk his calm contented lot,
Told o'er his beads, his useless vigils kept,
Or o'er the pages of the fathers slept,
There too, perhaps, some Eloisa strove,
Poor closstered victim of despair and love,
With many an idle wish, and heartless prayer,
To lift her thoughts to heaven, and fix them there.

Now all is hushed, and silent as the grave,

Save when the tempests through the lone aisles rave,

Solemn and sad—or when the time-struck wall

Wakes the dull echoes by its sounding fall,

Charming the ear of Ruin, as he smiles

O'er slimy vaults, and monumental piles.

Thou too Dunluce, proud throne of feudal state,
Hast bowed beneath the withering arm of fate;
For time has been, when girt with martial powers
High waved thy banners o'er thy sea-girt towers;
When deep and awful rose the battle's roar,
And War's artillery shook thy trembling shore.
—Then rude Magnificence adorned thy board,
And Valour steeled thy lord's victorious sword;
Then loud was heard the voice of festive glee,
With dance, and song, and heaven-taught minstrelsy.
Wide to the storm now stand thy echoing halls,
Time saps the base of thy basaltic walls;
In ruin lies thy bridge's narrow pass,
Sunk in the fosse, and clothed with waving grass;



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The sea-pink blooms upon thy turrets' height,

There the lone bird of ocean sits by night;

While far beneath, thy wave-washed cavern moans,

As the sad spirit of the whirlwind groans,

And fell Banshees, across the lonely heath,

Shriek to the blast, and pour the song of death.

Sad are thy changes, Time—and Mem'ry's tears
Fall as she pauses on the wrecks of years,
While many a tint from Fancy's pallet thrown,
Gives to the past a beauty not its own,
And bids the Muse in savage life behold
Heroic virtues, and an age of gold.
Thus the rough wildness of the mountain bare,
By distance mellowed in the clear blue air,
Presents creative thought with many a scene
Of woods and cots, fair glen, and rural green.
At Truth's quick glance the vain delusions fly,
And Reason checks the momentary sigh,
While Hope extatic, points to happier skies,
And bids new scenes of bliss and glory rise.

Lo! fair Improvement, on the wheels of time, Rejoicing, moves o'er Dalriada's clime, Like tower-crowned Ceres, when the vales of Ide Saw the first harvests clothe their cultured side: Laughed the green hills, and soothed by influence bland The harnessed lions own'd her guiding hand. See patient Industry, and sun-burnt Toil, O'er the rough flint induce the verdant soil; While bleak December hears the mower blithe, In new-born meadows whet the shining scythe. Where barbarous clans the savage war-howl raised, Now hear the God of love celestial praised: Those iron towers that lodged th' assassin horde, Strong dens of Rapine, Terror, and the sword, Sink ne'er to rise—the shag-haired kern no more Bathes, as he howls, his reeking skeyn in gore; But Peace sits smiling on the mountain heath, And Plenty revels on the plains beneath, Where Spring's first flowers their purple hues unfold, Or harvests rustle in autumnal gold. How Nature wantons in our beauteous vales. Clothes the green sward, and scents the fragrant gales;

With fruits the groves, with pearls the waters stores, The rocks with diamonds, and the hills with ores; While laughing Naiads from their urns distil Their dews mellifluous, and the balmy rill. Flow, LAGAN flow-though close thy banks of green, Though in the picture of the world unseen, Yet dearer to my soul thy waters run, Than all the rills that glide beneath the sun; For first by thee my bosom learned to prove The joys of friendship, and the bliss of love; No change of time, or place, shall e'er dispart Those ties which Nature twines around my heart; Each dear association, grown more strong, As years roll on, shall flourish in my song. Flow on fair stream—thy gathering waves expand, And greet with joy the Athens of the land; Through groves of masts thick crowding o'er thy tide, A new Ilissus, roll in classic pride: Thy Percy hail, with age and honour crowned, Loved of the muse, and by the muse renowned: For other Joys see Taste her chaplets twine; Hear other Baucas speak at Wisdom's shrine:

Along thy banks, with early blooms o'erspread,
By other Templetons see Flora led:
May Dante's soul in other Boyds revive,
And every shoot of truth and knowledge thrive!
Thy laurelled brows exulting Science raise,
Now heaven recals old Erin's golden days;
Ages of glory, heroes, saints return,
Bright o'er the land, ye stars of Genius burn!
Awake ye Bards, your ancient rights regain,
New string your harps, and raise a bolder strain;
From shore to shore the light of song diffuse,
And crown, O Fame, the virtue-breathing muse.

END OF BOOK FIRST.



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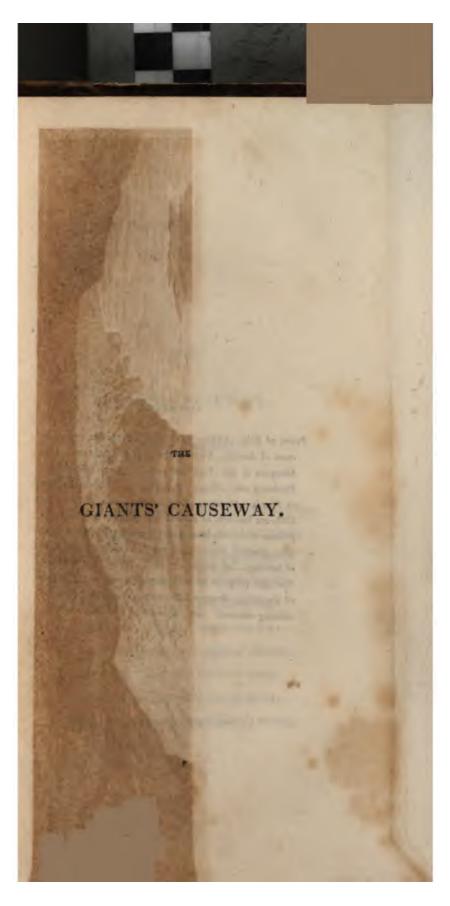
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ARGUMENT.

Praise of Erin...Address to a friend...Excursion round the coast of Antrim...View of the cliffs from the sea...Fata Morgana at the Push-foot strand...Moral reflections... Dunkerry cave...Nature, the parent of the fine arts...Port na Spania...Pleaskin...Kelp-burners...Salmon-fishery.... Different instincts of the eel and salmon...Mafine occupations of the inhabitants of the coast...Cruelty of those who plunder shipwrecked vessels reprobated...A shoal of herrings....of Porpoises...Fecundity of the waters... Rise and progress of navigation...Descent to the bottom of the deep...Bengore...Benmore...The eagle...Mode of rebbing sea-fowls' nests...Episode of Blanaid.

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GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

BOOK SECOND.

FAIR land of zephyrs, while life's currents flow,
Warm in my heart the love of thee shall glow;
Thy winding vales, thy lakes of crystal sheen,
Thy mountains covered with perennial green,
Thy woods, thy cataracts, and billowy sea,
Yes, even thy weeping sky has joys for me.
For ever blooming be thy daughters' charms,
And ever bright their wit's resistless arms;
Brave be thy sons, in manly beauty strong,
And proud their feeling of oppression's wrong;

Though yet untaught by prudence to controu!

The first rash impulse of the free-born soul,

Hail to the spirit that informs their heart,

Warm, generous, noble, unenslaved by art;

The record fair of nature's pristine plan,

Retaining yet the genuine stamp of man!

My Armstrong, come, the muse's early friend,
And round our northern shores her flight attend;
If e'er in life's fair morn we wooed the Nine,
Or sought the treasures of the classic mine,
Led by the star of Bruce, whose radiance bright,
Ne'er sheds a sparing, nor a dubious light;
Come, climb with me the cliff-crowned hill of cases,
Rise o'er the world, its passions, and its slaves;
Let thy high thoughts with rapt Devotion seer,
And Nature's God, on Nature's shrine adors.
Thence beach-ward by the walls of Fergus reve.
By Oldfleet tower, and Inver's hallowed grove;
Or where high Salagh's ridge o'erlooks the vale,
Whose numerous bean-fields some the fragrant gale;



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Sweet scenes, where oft in life's fair morn I strayed,
Blest be your swains, and ever green your shade!
Or where Glenarm extends its pebbly shores,
White as the foamy surge that round them roars;
Or Garron's bastion cliffs the waves repel,
Or fair Glenariff winds her wizard dell;
Or Torr's black rocks Titanian limbs o'erspread,
Or cloudy Benmore lifts his giant head;
Or where Kenban his chalky brow uprears,
With turrets crowned, the pride of other years;
Or that dread bridge, by hempen fetters bound
From steep to steep at Reda's gulf profound,
Light as the work of sylphs, above the seas
Aerial hangs, and shivers in the breeze.

But if it more delight, come stretch the sail,
And bid the cliffs and rocks from ocean hail;
See from beneath the various picture move,
And smile at Terror as he frowns above.

Smooth glides the skiff, and up the rustling sand Rolls the light surge, by Bosca's magic strand, Where gay Morgana and her fairy train

Sport with the senses of the wondering swain;

Raised by her power, he sees a warlike line

Of plumy crests, and burnished muskets shine;

Anon they flit, and lawns and woods arise,

Chariots and steeds, and towers that reach the skies;

Now, fades the scene, and bounding in the breeze,

Embattled navies sweep the azure seas;

Sail crouds on sail, the boiling wake grows hoar,

And whitening surges climb each sculptured prore.—

Gone is the pageant!—vanished from the view,

Like the thin vapour, or the morning dew.

Thus as adown the stream of life we sail,
What gay delusions oft o'er sense prevail!
Romantic Fancy paints each coming scene,
And clothes the desert in unreal green;
Bids camps and fleets the passing bark invite,
Elysian groves, and mansions of delight,
Where Power and Pleasure spread their potent wiles,
And Love and Fame with meretricious smiles;

Vain rainbow forms, enchanting to the view, Which mock the grasp, and flee as we pursue.

Where you dark shadowy rocks embower the wave, Scooped in their mural height Dunkerry's cave, As Fion's grot sublime, its arms extends, And o'er the floods its dome high-arching bends:
A crimson zone its emerald walls surrounds,
Far, far within the hollow surge resounds;
Borne through the cleft's contracting sides we hear
Its echoes roll, where skiff ne'er dared to steer.

Now round the mole, from Giants named of yore,
Thy altar Nature, helm th' obedient prore;
How black, how firm, its adamantine sides
Rise o'er the azure of the heaving tides!
How proud th' indented bound of ocean lowers!
What rocky theatres, and spires, and towers!
First bold creation of the plastic hand,
That rolled the billows round the rock-ribbed land!
Nature's primeval forms, whence mimic Art
Saw the first image of her fabrics start,

Th' idea fair of wonders deemed her own,
The breathing canvas, and the quickened stone.
But vain her powers with Nature's pride to vie,
As the gilt dome to match the starry sky;
High be her boast of Tiber's proud arcades,
Her ducts, pantheous, fanes, and colonnades:
See, in these temples of the northern blast,
Their beauty, grandeur, strength and skill surpast.

Ye heights of Spania hail!—for ever stand
The strong terrific bulwark of the land;
And should th' invader, yet untaught, explore
Thy seas inviolate and free—once more
Let Erin's genius on thy stormy brow,
Hear the rocks crashing through the hostile prow,

What muse, O Pleaskin, in accordant lays,
To future times shall consecrate thy praise,
Thou noblest temple ever Nature's power
Built for her homage pure?—In fancy's hour
Embodying fair the image of her mind,
She bade thy courts in circling beauty wind;

Row above row, with grandeur joined to grace,
Raised thy grey columns o'er their vermeil base;
A solemn majesty around thee spread,
And with cerulean sether crowned thy head.
Most beauteous steep that shades the ocean tide,
The Muse's wonder and Ierne's pride,
Thou fair Palmyra of this rocky waste—
Thy fane in Greece or Rome had Nature placed,
How many an awe-struck and adoring croud
Had o'er thy consecrated altars bowed;
Bade their vows mount on incensed wings above,
And hailed thee temple of Almighty Jove.

What clouds of smoke in azure curls aspire

From many an altar's dark and smouldering fire?

What shadowy forms dim gleam upon the sight,

Now hid in fume—now clear with sudden light;

Do Greece's priests revive in Erin's sky,

Or dread wierd sisters rites unholy try?

Ah no! a race inured to toil severe,

Of manners simple, and of heart sincere,

Sons of the rock and nurselings of the surge, Around the kiln their daily labours urge; O'er the dried weed the smoky volume coils, And deep beneath the precious kali boils.

High on you cliff the fisher takes his stand, The rock's loose fragments arm his brawny hand, Swift as he marks the glistening salmon glide, He hurls a rattling stone-shower in the tide. The patient boatman rocking on the brine, Elate with hope, beholds the well-known sign: Swift winds the capturing net, and now in vain, The fear-struck captive beats the flaxen chain; Vain is his strength, and vain his dotted mail, His rapid fin, quick eye, and springy tail's He sports in Bosca's sable streams no more, Nor braves majestic Banna's cataract roar; By hands unpitying, from his native flood Dragged o'er the pointed crags, defiled with blood, His scales all ruffled, and his vigour fled, He gasps—he pants—he lies deformed—and dead.

What different instinct bids the silvery eel
In countless train up Banna's torrents wheel,
While salmon shoals the downward streams forsake,
And to the stranger brood resign the lake;
In whose clear waves the prickly holly thrown,
Its nature loses, and transmutes to stone?
Unfold it thou, O Templeton, whose view
Has roved creation's peopled regions through;
Thou who can'st speak of all the flowers of spring,
Of fish of every fin, and bird of every wing:
Tell, for thou knows't, how Nature has assigned
Their times and seasons to each tribe and kind,
And how her laws direct, propel, controul,
So wondrous wise, th' instinctive powers of soul.

In shallow streamlets, with th' insidious fly,
Their tiny art let patient anglers try:
Far other sport the hardy natives boast,
Who sweep with long-drawn net this iron coast,
Or o'er the whirling surge the feather spread,
To tempt the Glashan from his cozy bed.

Tis theirs with storms to urge the bold turmoil, Where adverse tides in whelming eddies boil;
To hear sad shrickings in the midnight air,
To see the ghastly death-fires of despair
Flash o'er the wreck, and grisly spectres croud.
Where floats the wan corse in a foamy shroud;
While boding mermaids rising on the swell,
Wring their wet locks, and chant their funeral spell.

Down to the wreck-strewn beach, when storms arise,
The ruffian plunderer, led by Rapine hies;
Greedy of spoil, the savage joys to mark
The wild waves rushing o'er the shattered bark;
He comes for deeds of dreadful name prepared,
To slay the wanderer whom the storm has spared:
Accurs'd of heaven! the land's reproach and shame,
May Disappointment ever blast your aim,
And Want and Famine howling at your board,
Avenge the slighted law's too tardy sword!
Ne'er, Dalriada, may the fiend of gain
Possess thy genius, and thy shores profane,

But, prempt at Mercy's call, thy hand extend To save the helpless, and the wronged defend.

In airy wheels what fowls unnumbered fly, Dashing the seas, or screaming through the sky? The Herring's march they follow from the pole; Millions on millions moves th' enormous shoal; In gentle undulations as they rise On the smooth rippling waves, a thousand dyes Shot from their scales with mingling lustre play, A field of gems wide-blazing to the day! Voracious foes their feeble ranks assail, The Shark, the Porpoise, and devouring Whale; The keen-eyed Osprey marks the prey from far, And there th' impetuous Gannet brings the war; Poised on smooth pinion from his tow'ry height. With glance more rapid than a shaft of light, He marks his quarry in the crystal flood, And plumb-down darting, in the victim's blood Drives his keen beak.—With rapture-beaming eye The well-known sign the ready fishers spy,

If the Giants' Causeway.

Th' unsparing nets around the prey expand, And heap with treasure all the yellow sand.

See, as they gambol o'er the hoary brine,
What porpoise shoals with quick reflections shine;
As by the skiff they urge their swift career,
The timid landsman starts with sudden fear;
New to the waves he dreads each novel form,
Shrinks from the spray, and deems the breeze a storm;
But vain his fears—away the monsters sweep,
Like Neptune's coursers plunging through the deep.

Oft to the fisher aid unhoped they bring,
As on the salmon's passing ranks they spring;
The shoal quick darting from their jaws with dread,
Plunge in the nets, and meet a fate they fled.
Thus as the greyhound rakes her flix behind,
The startled hare bounds rapid as the wind,
Till to the rustic's secret snare she hies,
And in the fatal noose unpitied dies.
Thus mid the blue Atlantic waves afar,
The winged fish avoids th' unequal war;

When close behind the hungry dolphin derts,
Swift from his gaping jaws away she starts,
And from her native wave by terror driven,
Spreads her moist pinions to the breeze of heaven;
Now foes of fleeter wing her flight espy;
The braying Albatross with glutton eye,
And rapid Frigate, in their airy way,
Wheel swift around, and seize the flying prey:
Or if by chance she shun the feathered foe,
The wary Dolphin that pursued below,
With jaws expanding wide beneath the wave,
Receives the victim in a living grave.

Prolific Ocean; how thy bounteous flood!

From all its sources sends the scaly brood!

For man, dread tyrant, glide their marshalled powers,

From all thy sands, and rocks, and coral bowers;

No scale-fenced ribs against his art avail,

Nos-strength, nor bulk, nor shelly plates of mail;

Their swiftest march more rapid he pursues,

Ensnares by cunning, or by force subdues.

As round the isles thy moon-struck empire rolls.

Joins east and west, and links the adverse poles,

Launched on thy waves with daring soul sublime,

Lo! man becomes the guest of every clime.

'Tis thine, divine Philosophy, to guide The wandering sailor o'er the pathless tide: Stayed by the waters, far around him hurled, Man deemed his shores-the limit of the world; Till taught by thee the rugged pine to hew, Stitch the smooth bark, and build the light cance. On streams, and lakes, and narrow friths grown brave, He dared at length to meet the ocean wave; Traced by thy aid the wonders of the skies, And marked the constellations set and rise; Then, towered the mast o'er triple banks of ours, And War sat frowning on the brazen prores. Yet from his ken lay half the world unknown, 'Till thou the needle's mystic power hadst shown; Then first Columbus, of intrepid mind, Gave all his canvas to the eastern wind.

And held the ruling helm through toil and pain, The midnight watch, the perils of the main, And the fierce factions of a dastard crew, Till new-found worlds burst glorious on his view. Then bold De GAMA braved the phantom forms, That scowled portentous at the cape of storms, And o'er the watry waste in triumph borne, Explored his passage to the realms of morn. See now Britannia's red-cross flag unfurled On every shore around the convex world; Where blazing suns rive every pitchy seam, Or ice-bound ropes in arctic moon-light gleam. Firm and undaunted, lo! the British tar Rides on the floods, and braves each hostile star; He bares his bosom to the arrowy sleet, And hears the thunder bursting at his feet; With NELSON's genius breathes Britannia's ire, And sinks her foes, or wraps in storms of fire; Or led by Cooke's adventurous zeal imparts To barbarous hordes, peace, science, and the arts; The heaven-ward paths of knowledge bids them scan, And moulds the rugged savage into man.

Lead, lead, my spirit, far beneath the waves,
Through limestone vallies, and basaltic caves;
O like Cyrene's offspring let me go
To view the wonders of the world below;
What roots of rock thick-woven, and entwined,
Those giant steeps to earth's fixed centre bind;
What sea-born forests clothe their vallied sides,
What whirling pools absorb th' engulfing tides;
How Maelstrom rages on Norwegian shores,
Or Corry-vreckan's frightful vortex roars.

Amazing world! how vain the thoughts of man,
Thy depths, thy terrors, and thy wealth to scan!

Down, down unfathomably deep are laid,
Where plummet never dropped, where thought ne'er
strayed,

Earth's vast foundations—wrecks of worlds unknown,
By central shocks dismembered and o'erthrown.
What fissures, gulfs, and precipices dread,
And dismal vales with ivery bones o'erspread!
Vast cemet'ries, where Horror holds his court,
Prowls the fell — and monstrome krakens sport.

What mines of gold, and gems of emerald ray! What floors of pearl the coral grots inlay! Here, still as death, the oak-ribbed vessel lies, Wedged in the grasping rocks no more to rise: Sent hissing down, as through the sulphurous air Rang the mixed shouts of triumph and despair: Now sluggish limpets on the decks repose; Through the rent ports the oozy tangle grows, And climbs the poop, where Glory's hands unfurled The red-cross flag that awed the wat'ry world. The victor here, and vanquished, side by side, Sleep ghastly pale, sad wrecks of human pride; Their nerveless hands yet grasp the fatal steel, And yet the warrior's ire they seem to feel. Unhallowed ire! oh guilt! oh rage unblest! Here, here, Ambition, come, and plume thy crest; Here see thy trophies, relics of the brave Untimely slain, and whelmed beneath the wave. See children, fathers, busbands long deplored, Unshrouded, gashed, and mangled by the sword; Here build the proud memorial of thy fame, And down to hell thy triumphs loud proclaim,

All-righteous heaven! how long shall murderous War O'er slaughtered hosts impel his ruthless car; And cursed Ambition, drunk with folly, plan The guilt, the crimes, and miseries of man!

Far from these scenes where Death and Horror lie,
Back to thy native rocks, my spirit, hie;
Place me, ye Muses, where Bengore uprears
His broad, firm brow to meet the storms of years;
Where hangs the steady wild-goat undismayed,
O'er beetling cliffs where human foot ne'er strayed;
Where, met in torrents of electric fire,
The midnight spirits of the winds conspire.
The wary seamen mark the sign with fear,
And reef their canvas as aloof they steer;
While bright, and brighter yet, the beaconed steep
Glows with collecting fires, vast diamond of the deep.

Then let me rove where Benmore's airy height Aspires still nearer to the realms of light: Chained to such rock, in drear Caucasian clime, Thy son, Japetus, gloried in his crime,

When on his brow fierce smote the angry levin,
And round him roared th' artillery of heaven.
Gigantic steep, what massy pillars form
Thy breezy halls, thy palace of the storm;
Waste, savage, wild, where not a blade of green
With cheerful tint adorns the solemn scene.
In vain the bee explores thy barren soil,
There blooms no flower to pay the wanderer's toil;
But on thy fissured side, the Eagle proud
His eyry builds, and nestles in the cloud.
Those shattered rocks in waste terrific hurled
Around thy base, rent columns of the world;
Thy splintery brow, deep-trenched through many an age,

Beneath the thunder's dint, and whirlwind's rage,
Stupendous wrecks, pre-eminently grand,
Declare that power whose high Almighty hand
Heaved thee from ocean.—Awe-struck as I gaze,
My soul is lost in mute adoring praise.
Since earth arose, majestic hast thou stood
Enthroned in tranquil grandeur o'er the flood;

While states and empires grown to boundless sway,
Have withered, drooped, and perished from the day.
Thou too shalt fall, though seeming to defy
Th' eternal warfare of the sea and sky;
Around thy base shall Dissolution twine,
And time's sure vengeance to thy center mine;
The firm foundations of thy piers abrade,
And level with the surge thy proud facade.

Roused from his eyry see the Eagle rise;

With sounding pinion now he mounts the skies;

Bright, round his beak, electric glories play,

His eye-ball braves the sun's refulgent ray;

Faro'er the seas with level wing he skims,

Sports in the clouds, or through deep azure swims,

'Till near Cantire he wheel his rapid course,

Or mid th' Ebudæ, with the lightning's force,

Darts sudden down to pounce the trembling hare,

Or from the shepherd rend his fleecy care...

---In vain the rustle's shouts his flight pursue,

He mounts, he

On some high peak he tears the quivering spoil; Or if subdued by hunger's rage, or toil, On some low quarry sent by chance he feed, The elf-shot heifer, or the carrion steed, Gorged, though unsated, when his wings are spread To mount the skies, their power to mount is fled. Ill-fated emblem of the sensual soul! No more the clouds beneath his feet shall roll, Nor earth diminish from his piercing sight, As to the fount of day he wings his flight. He sees with dread dismay th' approaching swain, And tries again to rise, but tries in vain. Now see, by rustic hands, those pinions shorn, Whose speed was rapid as the beams of morn, And chains inglorious round those talons twined, Whose grasp the potent thunderbolt confined.

Thus by the chains of sensual pleasure bound,

The high-toned spirit, grovelling, licks the ground;

Though destined far o'er earth's dull orb to soar,

To mount with angels, and with saints adore.

Lo! where you falcon seeks his feast of blood,
While screaming fowls pursue him o'er the flood;
A dastard race, the war of sounds they wage,
And vent at distance safe their idle rage,
For should he turn, their fleetest wing in vain
To shun his ire would scour th' aerial plain:
No servile bells his rapid flight controul,
No lure proclaims the bondage of his soul;
His claws in blood unordered he imbrues,
And for himself the game of death pursues.

With clam'rous din the hollow rocks resound,
As flocks of sea-birds wheel their airy round;
Or, perching as they smoothe the ruffled plume,
With rays of life the sombre cliffs illume,
While all their notes in harmony combined,
Swell the loud chorus of the sea and wind.

Nature, great parent, 'tis thy care provides

The down the them the soul that guides,

Handmaid ten

Yet ever-var

To spread each pinion, and adorn each crest;
Thou bid'st the sand-lark on the beach prepare

'Tis thine to arm their wave-repelling chest,

An humble mansion for her tender care,
While the bold Eagle, on you cliffs afar,
Soars to the storm, and braves th' ethereal war.

When louring clouds the face of heaven o'ercast,
What foresight wings the Petrel from the blast?
Steered by what pilot from the Arctic steep,
Hies to these seas the Herdsman of the deep?
What bids the strong-winged Barnacle explore
Through wintry skies her path to Erin's shore?

Ye feathered tribes who dwell these cliffs among,
Unlike your brethren of the woodland song,
Sure, unmolested in your rust-brown soil,
Too poor for Envy, and too rough for Toil,
Free and secure ye bide, nor see dismayed,
The rustic plunderer e'er your rocks invade.
Ah no! for there will man, whose daring soul
Would dive to hell, or climb the starry pole,

Pursue his upward, or his downward way, Fearless, and bold to make your haunts his prey. See, o'er the moated steep the peasant bends, Eyes the dread gulf, and girt with ropes descends: Tremendous task! for should the cord dispart, Cut by the crag, or from the mortise start, Precipitate he falls with horrid shock, Tossed round and round, and pitched from rock to rock. -Nor perils less his dreadful path assail, If from below the ragged heights he scale-Tremble the senses—terror chains the breatl, Chill flows the blood, for one false step is death: Yet not with surer tread the wild goats climb Up Pleaskin's brow, or Benmore's cliffs sublime. He sees a thousand pinions round him fly, And hears unmoved the wild discordant cry; Cautious yet bold, each cranny he explores, Nor heeds the breeze-borne spray which far beneath him roars.

Thou whose bold steps o'er those dread rampires strays Bid heaven's winged agents guard thy dangerous way;

But tremble if thy stricken conscience groun For vows of broken love, or guilt unknown, Lest the dark spirit of the slipp'ry heath Hurl thee incautious on the rocks beneath.

Where Rathlin braves the surge that round her rolls,
With chalky bastions, and basaltic moles,
Dwelt fair Blanaid, of poets' song the theme,
Fair as the maid of every poet's dream.
Tinged was her cheek with health's vermillion dye,
And joy and beauty frolicked in her eye;
For every youth her subtle chains she wove,
And bound in fetters of relentless love,
'Till Ullin's arms prevailed, and Conrigh's blade
Had widowed Rathlin's towers, and won the maid.

Of glory, grandeur, beauty's charms possess'd,
What knight on earth was now like Conrigh bless'd?
More bless'd had fortune smiled not on his cause,
Or given a consort bound by honour's laws:
For Ullin's prince by mighty love subdued,
To Fionglass his secret path pursued,

And sought in safe disguise the lonely bowers,
Where passed Blanaid her solitary hours,
And sighed, and wept, and with seducing art,
Bade her receive his sceptre, throne, and heart.
By love enthralled, or by ambition fired,
Against her lord th' adulterous wife conspired:
At dead of night a faithless vassal band,
High in the turrets, lodged a flaming brand,
And in the tumults of the purposed strife,
A traitor's dagger stole her husband's life.

Guilt sprang in terror from the murderous deed,
And urged the trembling pair on wings of speed,
To Ullin's shores—while o'er the warrior slain
Long groups of mourners poured the funeral strain,
And Fionglass through all its echoing shades,
Heard the sad dole of youths, and weeping maids.
But deepest flowed the bard's heart-swelling grief,
For with a parent's love he loved the chief;
Oft as a parent had he marked with joy,
The manly

Had taught his youth to bend the flexile bow,
To wield the spear, and chase the mountain roe,
'Till ripe for war, his soul to glory turned,
Where the steel ravaged, and the conflict burned.
Oft as the aged sire his triumphs sang,
With double life the Harp's roused spirit rang;
But now it pours in sad and mournful flow,
From strings bedewed with tears, the dirge of woe.

- " Pale, pale, my son, how fade thy dreadful charms
- "How nerveless lies the thunder of thy arms!
- "Cold is the hand that ruled the maddening wheel,
- "And cold the breast whose valour edged the steel!
- "Dark, ruthless treason on his slumbers crept,
- "And struck the dagger while the lion slept.
 - "O Conrigh, Conrigh, hadst thou pressed the plain,
- "Mid arms, and steeds, and reeking mounds of slain,
- "But thus to feel th' assassin shaft of death,
- "Winged through black midnight by a woman's breath!
- "Inglorious fall !- my life of life is fled,
- "With thine this withered heart lies cold and dead,

- "Scathed by the fires of heaven, a trunk I stand,
- "Branchless and lonely, on a waste of sand:
- "O why does heaven the rooted oak up-tear,
- "But the old trunk, and useless sapling spare?
- "Where was the bard, when sunk the warrior low,
- "With faithful breast to ward the treacherous blow?
 - "Dull through my veins life's languid currents roll,
- "Cold is the fire that once enflamed my soul;
- "But yet one spark of righteous vengeance lives,
- "High Duty claims it, and 'tis Friendship gives:
- "Lo! Conrigh clothed in all his grim array,
- "Looks from his cloud, and chides my long delay.
 - "Yet, mighty spirit, yet one deed remains,
- "And then I join thee in you argent plains.
- " Eternal Justice, now thy bolts prepare,
- " And strike the rabid she-wolf in her lair.
- "Vales, woods, and streams of Fionglass, adieu!
- "Arise my soul-to Ullin-rise, pursue!"

Onward, indignant see the poet stride,

A royal harp dependent at his side;

Now gleams with angry fire his tearful eye,
Like lightning flashing through a rainy sky;
More rapid now his hurrying step appears,
Than suits the weakness of declining years;
With patient toil o'er bog and moor he passed,
*Till Dalriada's shores he viewed at last.

A day of cheer had Ullin's prince proclaimed
To all his nobles, and the day was named;
A hundred beeves, the best that grazed the plain,
And bristly bears, and mountain deer were slain;
And knights, and lords, in broidered raiment proud,
Before Blanaid their royal mistress bowed;
And wondering courtiers, as they gaily swore
Such charms ne'er graced the land of green before,
With no false praise seduced the captive ear,
But once spake truth, and once were known sincere.

Now rose the feast, and now the cup went round,
And bards a hundred raised the festive sound:
But who among them all so sweetly sings
As that strange bard who strikes the sounding strings

Beside the Queen?—How eager all admire
His wild expression, and his hand of fire!
E'en other bards, though not to wonder prone,
In listening to his song, forget their own.

He sang the gallant deeds of warlike youth,
The holy bliss of wedded love and truth,
Of knight victorious on the listed plain,
Of lover true by faithless mistress slain;
And through a melting tale poured all his art,
To touch the guilty fair one's conscious heart:
And though with well-dissembling skill she tried
The mixed emotions of her soul to hide,
Oft as she met the bard's accusing look,
Shame tinged her cheek, and rage her bosom shook.

That night no slumber on her eyelid stole,

For sad remorse sat heavy on her soul,

And whilst in revelry, and wild delight,

The prince and courtiers lengthened out the night,

She mused retired—when on her startled ear,

Burst the shrill piercing cry of sudden fear;

Her aged nurse had shriek'd aloud to see

The shadowy spectre of the fell Banshee;

A hag deformed of fairy size it seemed;

And wrung its tiny hands, and faintly screamed,

While on the topmost battlement it stood,

Of wee prophetic to Milesian blood.

Next day forth summoned to the tented plain, In martial sports contend the royal train; While fair Blanaid to soothe her sad alarms. Roved round the capes, and courted Nature's charms; Alas! what joy can Nature's charms impart, When guilt confounds, and conscience rives the heart? The wary bard, by chance or fate, had seen The lonely wanderings of the troubled queen, And marked the barrier where, in pensive mood, Perhaps repentant of her crime, she stood: Her snow-white vestments waved with sinuous flow O'er the tremendous gulf that yawned below; Full-orbed arose her bosom's downy swell, Wooed by the amorous breeze her tresses fell, And from her swimming eyes voluptuous blue, Rolled many a precious drop of crystal dew.

Thus high-surcharged with tears of vernal shower,
On some proud terrace, bends the stately flower,
Till the chill rustling of the bleak North-west
Shake them in ice-drops from its fragrant breast.

Majestic beauty! could thy potent charm

Melt frozen age, or stern resolve disarm,

Then had the bard to ruth his soul inclined,

And cursed the dreadful act his thought designed;

But mightier Friendship's mandate had decreed,

Th' adulterous wife for Conrigh slain should bleed.

Ere slow suspicion touched the courtiers' breast,
The bard approached, and thus the queen addressed:

- "Alas, fond wretch! and darest thou hope to prove
- "The honours of a throne, the bliss of love?
- "Behold thy murdered husband's spectre wave
- "His beckoning hand, and call thee to the grave:
- "To flee essay not-earth's united bands
- "In vain would snatch thee from these vengeful hands."

^{*} Stay, stay, rash bard! thy soul let pity bend, Angels of mercy here your wings extend!

Ah me! no angels from destruction guard, But conscience whispers this is guilt's reward."

Seized in his death-grasp hangs the struggling fair,
As he dives headlong down th' abyss of air.—

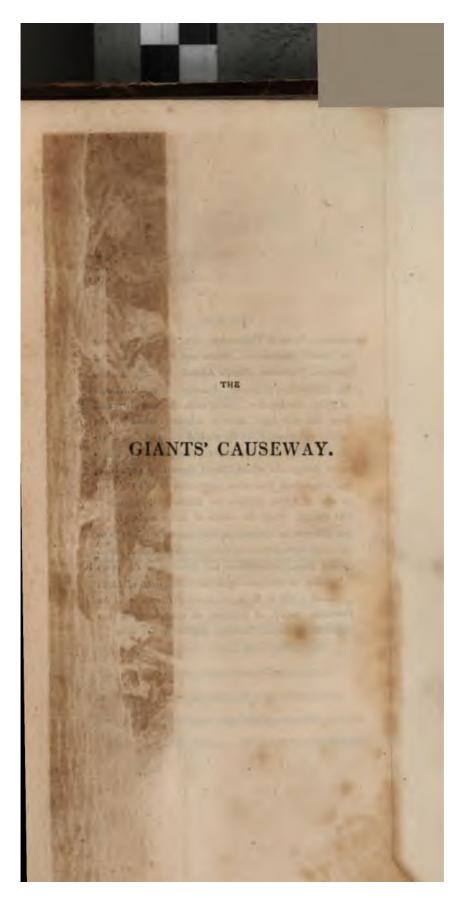
—The sea-fowl, startled by the rushing sound,
Saw their torn limbs from rock to rock rebound;
And as they plunged the roaring waves among,
Raised their shrill notes, and screamed the funeral song.

END OF BOOK SECOND.









ARGUMENT.

Lucretius...Praises of Philosophy...Fire, the supposed cause of basaltic phenomena....Nature and Properties of that element...Volcanoes...Plato's Atlantic isle...Hecla... Atna...Destruction of Catania...Vesuvius...Pompeia...Death of Pliny...Earthquakes...Calloa sunk...Rathlin dissevered from the main land....Basaltic columns formed by the sudden refrigeration, or the gradual crystallization of lava...The Neptunian hypothesis...The golden age...Universal deluge...Its effects...Basalt formed by deposition, and consequent desiccation...Objection to this theory... A sage of Edina explains the Huttonian hypothesis... The changes which the works of nature undergo, are not followed by destruction, but renovation...The present earth formed from the debris of an antecedent one... Central fires...Consolidation and elevation of the strata ...Injection of ores into veins...Crystallization of basalt ...Fall of a cliff at Benmore...Farther illustration of the Huttonian theory...A principle of self-renovation pervades the universe... Evening... Address to the deity.

THE

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

BOOK THIRD.

SUBLIME LUCRETIUS! thou whose daring page
Breathes the high spirit of th'Athenian sage,
With whom high-soaring to the cause of things,
Thy soul quaffed deep the muse's hidden springs;
Come to these capes that brave the northern gale,
And bid, as thou wert wont, blue ocean hail.
Come, hear with me, the big tumultuous waves
Bursting like thunder through a thousand caves,
And see the bark which blackening tempests urge,
Ride o'er the hills of foam, and meet the boisterous
surge.

Thrice happy he, whose truth-illumined soul
With Science wanders through the boundless whole;
No angry fiends of night her skies deform,
Or round her roll the lightning and the storm;
Where'er she turns, to earth, or heaven, she sees
The real heralds of divine decrees.
Now plunging downward, see her urge her flight
Through the dark realms of chaos and of night;
Now mid the zones, she spreads her wings afar,
Soars to the sun, and visits every star,
And scanning Nature's universal laws,
Mounts from the second to th' eternal cause.

Here, by o'erhanging rocks, where Danger keeps
His dreary watch-tower trembling o'er the deeps,
Th' adventurous muse's anxious thoughts explore
What power of Nature formed the pillared shore.
Here, hapless Hamilton, lamented name!
To fire volcanic traced the curious frame,
And, as his soul, by sportive fancy's aid,
Up to the fount of time's long current strayed,
Far round these rocks he saw fierce craters boil,
And torrent lavas flood the riven soil:

Saw vanquished Ocean from his bounds retire, And hailed the wonders of creative Fire.

Fire, noblest element that Nature wields,
In earth, and air, and empyrean fields;
'Tis thine to feed the golden lamp of day,
To fix the bounds of stern Attraction's sway,
To give the wandering orbs repulsive force,
And guide the wheels of Nature in their course:
Thine too to fructify the germs of earth,
Clothe the green sward, and give all creatures birth,
To breathe life, love, and rapture through the breeze,
Dissolve the icy poles, and roll the purple seas.

Fire, mighty power, in many a clime adored
As Beal, Phœbus, and creation's Lord,
Armed by thy might see man resistless reign
Lord of the brute, the mountain, and the main:
Unwearied element, in thee unite
All beauty, colour, heat, and cheering light.
Light! sacred effluence from the blest abode,
Fairest, best image of all-bounteous God,

Rapid as thought thy emanations glide,
Of all material things to spirit most allied;
In vest like thine, so pure, so heavenly clear,
Shall man, disrobed of flesh, at last appear,
Raised from the earth, and equalled to thy sphere.

Heralds of nature, ye whose wondrous art Can light and heat, a wedded pair, dispart, And o'er the plain, with magick skill, diffuse One radiant beam in seven resplendent hues; Or to a point condense the scattered rays, Whose force more potent than the furnace blaze, As fire the wax, each stubborn ore commands, And bursts the diamond's adamantine bands; Say, to what orb those mighty torrents run, Which issue ceaseless from the golden sun: If, in th' expanse they waste their rapid force, Or haste like rivers to their parent source; And, in the vortex of their circling tide, Around the fount of day the planets guide? Say, are the forky bolt's electric flame, The fires of earth, and solar beam the same?

In every clime before the muse's eyes,

What steps of fire; what smoking hills arise!

Lo! Cotopaxi from his fiery throne,

With rapid blazes lights the burning zone;

In realms of frost the drear Kamchatka glows;

Fuego hisses in coeval snows;

Yet fires more frequent rise where summer smiles

On India's beauteous galaxy of isles,

Where Banda's nutmeg groves the air perfume,

Or rich Manilla's groves of cotton bloom;

From east to west volcanic torrents roll,

Gird the vast globe, and glow at either pole.

Has Erin too once felt the torrid pest?—

Its records live deep graven on her breast;

And time has been, when spread her vales and woods,

Where now blue ocean rolls unfathomed floods;

A land where Nature wore her sweetest smile,

To Plato known, and named th' Atlantic isle,

'Till mining fires, or earthquake's awful might

Sunk half its peopled states in endless night.

The far Ebudæ, scattered though they stand,

Once with her confines formed continuous land;

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And through calm seas, the swain yet views with dread

The space between, with towers and cities spread.

Creative fancy, thou whose mirror bright

Gives past and future to th' enraptured sight,

And bids each distant scene arise pourtrayed,

In all its native hues of light and shade;

Give me to view, from this basaltic pile,

Huge Ætna's caves, and Hecla's flaming isle;

How fierce, how wide their fires tremendous glow,

What fans their rage, and whence their lavas flow.

What fiery whirlwinds raging to the sky!

What glowing rocks in long projectiles fly!

O'er fields of ice red lavas urge their way;

In nine-fold strength the scalding Geysers play;

Swoln by a thousand congregating rills,

Rolls the deep snow-flood down the smoking hills;

And hark! the Skrida thundering to the plain,

With all its serried glaciers roars amain,

Whelming the flocks—Unhappy shepherds spring,

Vain is your speed without the lightning's wing:

Fire, water, frost, in horrid strife rebel, And realize th' enthusiast's dreams of hell.

In Heck these .- High-throned above the storm, Thy genius, Ætna, lifts his awful form: Beneath his view extends a boundless scene: Kingdoms, and isles, and ocean's glassy green; Three zones distinct his various realm enfold, Deep snows, and vernal flowers, and groves of gold: Now wrapt in clouds his giant port he hides, And shakes with dreadful peals the mountain sides, 'Till through exploding cliffs the lava sweeps; Rapid, resistless, blazing down the steeps, Onward it comes-the crackling forests bend, Towers, villas, cities, from their base descend, Melt in the mass, and with the torrent blend. The dust of desolation loads the air, And crashing domes re-echo with despair; Where now, Catania, are thy myrtle bowers, Thy purple vineyards, and thy fields of flowers, Thy sons, thy daughters? all deep-smouldering spread Beneath th' unsparing lava's smoking bed.

Not with less ruin, on the blasted plain, See fell Vesuvius showers of cinders rain: Such horrid shower on Sodom's towers accurat. Of wasting fire, and livid brimstone burst. Deep, deep beneath, entombed the valley lies. O'er lofty spires the arid billows rise, And a new soil mounts nearer to the skies. Fair bloomed the vine o'er where Pompeia lay, . 'Till peasants' hands revealed it to the day; What scenes then burst upon the wondering sight? A city old revealed to modern light! Thus saved through ages from severer doom, From all the plagues and swords that wasted Rome, And time's destroying rage-its ancient frame, Its pictures, fanes and statues still the same! Thy chambers, death, stood thickly ranged around, And many a corse adust bestrewed the ground; There timid youth, and manhood's noble pride, And helpless age, and woman's beauty died; There as she clasped her infant to her breast, Th' affrighted mother shrieked, and sunk to rest.

Oft as the burning cone the heavens enshrouds,
With pumice showers, and cineritious clouds,
Winged with what speed the trembling natives fly,
Fear in their steps, distraction in their eye;
Sons, mothers, daughters—whereso'er they turn,
Sinks the loose soil, the sulphurous cinders burn,
And deadly vapours mingling in the strife
Arrest their speed, and close the gates of life.

But mark the sage—no fears his soul annoy,
He sees the revels of the storm with joy;
As Nature's priest, the goddess hails from far,
While wrapt in volleying flame she wakes the war;
The fiery whirlwinds that around him roll,
Shoot but congenial grandeur to his soul.

Through fear-winged fleets that fly the rocking shore,
Verona's sage directs his adverse prore;
Though dark around condensing vapours lour,
And the deck smokes beneath the glowing shower,
With quick-enquiring eye serene he stands,
As though the tempest owned his guiding hands:

or with the same and

So stands the chief in self-collected might, Whose soul pervades, and rules the ranks of fight. Ah! why so daring?—Will the crater's rage Relent in pity, and respect thy age? Already round thee floats its noxious breath; Martyr of Nature! 'tis the air of death. Yet glorious is thy fall on Nature's shrine, How blest, how envied is a fate like thine! Immortal glories crown the sage's brow, Virtue's best meed, the muse's sacred bough, Who dares, like Spalding, dive beneath the main, Or with De Rozies mount th' ethereal plain; Or who, like RICHMAN, aiming to command, And grasp the forky lightning in his hand, Invites with SEMELE the Thunderer's fires. And in the worship that he pays, expires.

Scenes yet more dire arrest the muse's view,
Where earthquake wastes the climes of rich Peru.
Tremendous agent of th' eternal might,
Dark, silent, secret, in the realms of night,
Unheard, unseen, he plans his dread designs,
Scoops all his rocks, and labours all his mines.

Now awful stillness reigns, as Nature lay Entranced in woe, and feared her final day; Quivers the foliage where no zephyr roves, And beasts and birds cower trembling in the groves; Man too stands shuddering with unwonted fear; Strange sounds appal, and boding signs appear; In earth's dark caves terrific thunders roll, Peal bursts on peal and seems to rend the pole: Now rocks the furrowed ground, dim meteors glare, The severing ocean lays his channels bare; Huge Andes bows-the world's long bulwarks nod, And humbled nature feels the arm of God. What now is man with all his boasted powers, His castled rocks, his pyramids and towers? Down, down the gulf his sapped foundations fall, Camps, fleets, and cities-Ruin whelms them all! And Ocean rolls his wild infuriate flood, Where Calloa's towers this moment glittering stood.

Such quick destruction by th' Eternal sent,
The old foundations of Ierne rent;
The bursting shores in dread explosion pealed,
And from their rooted base the mountains reeled;

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While Rathlin, severed with tremendous roar,
Three leagues of ocean from her parent shore,
Saw tides conflicting wildly rush between
Her southern limits, and the land of green.

Thus, if aright, the philosophic sage
Read the dark records of creation's page,
From Gallia's strand did ocean's rushing tide
The chalky cliffs of Albion erst divide;
Thus earthquake's fury from Ausonia tore
The sounding caverns of Trinacria's shore;
And Europe saw where great Alcides' hand
Fix'd the proud limits of Hesperian land,
Th' Atlantic floods their feeble barriers cleave,
And o'er the plain a whelming deluge heave,
Where now the mid-land billows court the gales,
And Afric's sands disjoin from Europe's vales.

Calm midst the horrors of the rueful scene,
Majestic Nature sat, and smiled serene,
Planned on the reeling shores her fair designs,
And built her future palaces and shrines.—

-From teeming craters, gushing dense and strong The black basaltic deluge pours along, O'ertops the chalky cliffs, the valley fills, Binds the loose soil, and links the severed hills. Here the red torrent, by the rapid shock Of frigid waters, changed to pillared rock; Or pent in caves till thrilled by tardy cold, Shot into columns of gigantic mould. Thus in the chymic vase, attraction's law Bids each fine atom kindred atoms draw: Close and more close the crouding seeds combine, Till crystal forms in fair arrangement shine. For all the various forms which nature breeds Spring from the union of organic seeds, Which, by attraction, form their compound frame, In shape, in nature, and in laws the same: Hence, in fair crystals falls the flaky snow, And hence the facets of the diamond glow.

Now round these capes a holy calmness reigns,
But still the pristine stamp of fire remains,
Struck on each pillared promontory's head,
And in the iron oxyd's vermeil bed.

The muse beholds it in the mine profound, And sees volcanic scorize strew the ground.

Yet fiercer flames shall round these cliffs aspire,
When heaven has kindled nature's funeral pyre;
The rocks, the hills, the earth shall fade away,
Like a thin vapour in the orient ray:
Virtue alone shall lift her changeless form,
And spring to heaven triumphant o'er the storm.
Or, if thy genius, Whiston, right divined,
Earth's ponderous orb by torturing fires refined,
And changed through all its dark opacous mass,
Shall roll through heaven a globe of purest glass,
Heaven's image fair reflected on its breast,
Formed for th' abode of saints, and spirits of the bless'd.

Now see how other hands this Mole design,
With plastic skill, beneath the raging brine.
Neptunian Kirwan, green Ierne's pride,
And he the sage of Freybourg by his side,
Led by the seer inspired, whose raptured eyes
First saw the heavens and earth from chaos rise

In the vast deluge form the fabrick dense,

And with creation thus the theme commence.

At first from chaos, when th' almighty king Bade earth and order, light and beauty spring; Light robed the heavens, and glittering to the sun With poles erect the rounded planet spun; Perennial spring adorned the hill and wood, And heaven's eternal word pronounced them good. Life with the shelly tribes its course began, Thence rose to insect, bird, and beast, and man; Rank upon rank in fair gradation joined, 'Till linked to heaven by the chain of mind. Then, blessed was man, as saints in worlds above, For earth was paradise, and life was love; 'Till cursed ambition, of infernal birth, Breathed her contagious poison o'er the earth; Seized by the pest, man grasped the hostile blade, And murder then, as now, became a trade-Crime follows crime, and smokes of carnage rise Reeking in purple volumes to the skies.

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"No more my spirit," cried th' Almighty Lord,
Earth trembling heard th' irrevocable word,
"With graceless man an endless conflict wage,
"Be loose ye torrents, let Destruction rage."

Heaven's dreaded agents on the torrents sweep. Plunge down, and rive the barriers of the deep; Rouse into rage each congregating tide, And thrust the axis of the globe aside. Earth to her centre strange commotion feels, And rent and shattered in her orbit reels; So reels the bark, when o'er her groaning mast, The liquid mountain rolls before the blast; Above, below, th' encreasing deluge roars, Streams burst their banks, and oceans rive their shores. Dismayed, appalled, in vain would man retreat, Th' avenging billows croud around his feet; He climbs the pine, the rock, or high-peaked hill, But swifter fate remorseless follows still: Wider and wider yet the deluge spreads, O'ertops the cliffs, and beats the mountain heads;

Now its fierce rage insatiate swallows all,

And drives, resistless, round the shoreless ball:

One bark alone, the womb of nations, rides,

By heaven made buoyant o'er the whelming tides.

Then tossed the earth, a chaos rude and vast,
Till o'er its face the brooding spirit passed,
And bade the mantling elements enrobe
The granite nucleus of the fractured globe.
Then deep beneath, the chalky strata spread,
Pressed by a ponderous, dark, basaltic bed:
Hence, mingled lie the earth's and ocean's soils,
And arctic regions teem with eastern spoils:
On Erin's moors the wondering peasants rear
Th' enormous antlers of the stranger deer;
Hence, shells in rock to ore transmuted shine,
Hence, in silicious spires long serpents twine;
The dotted urchin's studs the cliffs adorn,
And blue basalt is stamped with Ammon's horn.

Now ceased the din of waters waste and wild,

And heaven from azure skies relenting smiled;

Bent in the clouds the bow of peace is seen,
Swift arid breezes sweep the floods serene;
Like isles emergent to celestial air,
O'er the sunk waves the mountain tops stand bare;
Lower, and lower yet the floods descend,
Now rocky shores in sinuous grandeur bend;
The mists disperse, the Lord of day returns,
His brightning glory on the planet burns;
Far o'er the deep the gilded islands gleam,
And emerald Erin sparkles in the beam.

Smooth, solid, deep, and smoking to the day,
Till smote by summer's sun, and winter's wind,
In jointed columns, groups on groups combined,
Here raised erect, majestic o'er the brine,
There curved to beauty's ever-varying line,
The mass dissevering shrunk:—hence Murloch's train
Of huge artillery pointing to the main;
Gigantic battery!—Hence the capes of Doon,
Curved like the watry bow, or crescent moon;
While Booshala beholds her pillared cone,
Like old Alcinous' bark transformed to stone.





Thus built, thus modelled, Dalriada's sides
Resist the heavens, the whirlwinds, and the tides;
As years on years in time's wide orbit wheel,
They dread no change, and no abrasion feel.

Druids of science, to the muse disclose From what vast source th' o'erwhelming deluge rose: Did swathing clouds the watry pest sustain, Or earth, till then, in hollow sphere contain? Or some dire comet, high surcharged with harm, Hurled through th' ecliptic by th' Eternal arm, Shower from his twisted locks the torrent strong Of big destruction, as he rolled along; Ye too unfold how water's chymic power Dissolved the fabric in that awful hour; When sunk the strata, what prevailing cause Deposed them adverse to attraction's laws? Say whence light sand-stone to the centre strove, While dense basalt in grandeur towered above? O that the light of some celestial ray Would touch my soul and clear these doubts away!

Thus as I mused, a heary may drew migh,

Of sepect bland, and mind-illuminal eye;

To Dahrada's shares of datum fame,

From fair Edina's lefty towers he came.

Elect towers:—whose genius engle-winged pursues

The boldest flights of science, and the muse;

His words flowed placid in a delect stream.

Pouring new lustre on the rugged theme;

While, as inspired by him whose glowing car

Leapt o'er the hollow globe's opposing bar,

And downward wheeling through the dread unknown,

Saw Nature seated on her burning throne;

He taught that central fires up-heaved the earth

From ocean's depths, and gave these wonders birth.

"In vain," the sage began, " would man pretend
To trace of things the origin and end;
What thought has fathomed the abyse of time?
When bloomed his youth, and when began his prime?
Through endless cycles Nature lives the same,
In ocean, earth, and heaven's resplendent frame.

Hers are the honours of perennial youth,
Of stable grandeur, and unvarying truth;
If wasting years her various forms consume,
Again they thrive in renovated bloom;
Changed, not destroyed, they seek another mould,
And new creations triumph o'er the old.
Round the fall'n trunk, see giant forests rise;
In one small seed the germ of navies lies;
Life follows death, as death succeeds to life,
Perpetual circle of harmonious strife.

"Ere those tall cliffs beheld the orient sun,
Earth round her poles with other aspect spun,
'Till through the lapse of long revolving age,
The dash of ocean and the tempest's rage,
Her yielding frame by slow corrosion wore,
And to the deep's unfathomed channels bore;
Where soon the searching fires that ever glow,
Far in the centre of the world below,
Shot through th' incumbent waste; while ocean's flood,
Enormous depth, with ponderous pressure stood,

Like thick-ribbed ice, or more impervious glass,

Locking in grasp so close the molten mass,

That no fine vapour thence could wing its flight,

And rise, soft-bubbling to the bourne of light.

"Then, close condensed were Ocean's shelly spoils,
O'er granite, porphry, and the schistose soils,
And ranged concentric round their nucleus lay,
Till time once more recalled them to the day.

"With what tremendous force, aerial powers,
Once did ye rage in subterraneous bowers,
When roused by torturing fires from all your caves,
Ye swept the glowing lava's sulphurous waves;
Ye then beheld the thundering waters pass
Through wide rent gulfs, and changed to instant gas;
Struggling for vent again they upward roll,
And burst their narrow bounds from pole to pole.
'Twas nature's throe, and from the labouring frame,
The solid strata, midst encircling flame,
Severed and torn, their serried peaks upreared,
And o'er the foamy surge the new-formed land appeared.

"How bold and craggy rose each mountain form,
To brave the heavens, the lightning, and the storm!
Arched o'er hell's gulf their strong foundation spreads,
While azure skies surround their hoary heads,
Where horrid glaciers cast a dismal shade,
And wildly roars unseen the fierce cascade;
Bleak, dense, immoveable!—for many an age
On their rived front has burst the thunder's rage;
E'en now the sapping force of Time they feel,
Again pre-doomed down ruin's gulf to reel,
With all their granite rocks, and cliffs of steel.

"Then, floods of lava, with impetuous force,
From central regions urged their upward course:
As from the heart propelled, the blood distils
Through man's fair structure, by meandering rills,
So forced through many a rent, and opening pore,
From earth's vast cauldrons gushed each fluid ore;
Then spread o'er Dalriada's northern side,
Through chalky cliffs, a deep basaltic tide;
Prismatic here the ocean's ire it braves,
But towers amorphous on the hill of caves;
Thick studded o'er with zeolitic stars,
Drusy, or glittering with refulgent spars;

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

94

Then many a cavern, cell, and grot profound,
Saw beauteous crystals shoot their walls around,
And every metal, earth, and air condense,
To form the sparry cube, the rhomb, and lens.

"Soon as the new-formed world beheld the day,
It felt the mining touch of slow decay;
The floods retreating, all resistance mock;
Plow through the vales, and cut the channelled rock.
Thus with creation, ruin's steps commence;
Thus death is mingled with the nascent ens;
Time deem not tardy, though a thousand years,
To sense unchanged the mountain rock appears;
A thousand years to time's eternal race,
Are but an instant, as a point to space.

But hark! that crash—again more loud it roars,
And louder yet—it shakes the trembling shores,
As if th' infuriate spirit of the blast,
Trod down the cliffs in anger as he passed;
The fierce collision fires th' horizon round,
With heedless fear the rapid wild goats bound,

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

The miner issuing from the quarrie's gloom,

Thinks with dismay 'tis now the hour of doom.

"Tis Benmore, struck by time's destroying mace, Crashing in thunder from his mouldering base. Thus by degrees shall Erin's shores decay, Sink her proud cliffs, her hills dissolve away. The soil where Holland's fertile gardens blow, Once strewed the mountains capt with Alpine snow; On Abyssinian hills, redundant Nile Once saw the Delta's beauteous landscapes smile. Lo! every storm that sweeps the crumbling hill, And every shower, and cataract, and rill, And every wave that climbs the beetling steep, Abrades the rocks, and bears them to the deep. But from the mighty waste does nature's band, Working unseen, prepare the future land; Again her central fires shall fiercely glow, And heave new mountains from the depths below; Her plastic care o'ertakes the waster's rage, And builds new worlds on worlds from age to age.

"Ye fair-haired wanderers of the skies sublime. For ever roll, nor fear the steps of time, For should he reach you on th' ethereal way, And shade the glories that around you play, Yet brighter lustre shall your forms illume, Yet fairer glow your renovating bloom. Immortal Newton! throned above the spheres. Thou now can'st tell how vain are human fears: E'en thy great soul its powers expanding feels, And hails with joy the light that Truth reveals, Recants thy errors in creation's plan, And smiles, an angel, at the doubts of man! Tho' orbs on orbs in lessening gyres advance, Mark'd are the limits of the mystic dance; In narrower now, and now in wider rounds, Wheel their bright globes, but ne'er o'erleap their bounds:

Yet should whole systems upon systems fall,
And one tremendous ruin threaten all,
'Tis change, not death; for in more beauteous skies,
New suns would kindle, and new systems rise;
Then rell ye orbs, in youth eternal roll,
For in ye dwells a self-creating soul."

Thus taught the sage, and thus in humble rhyme,
The muse essays to clothe the theme sublime:
Blest should her Anderson the strain regard,
Friend of the lyre, and guardian of the bard;
Thou, formed by heaven, to act the critic's part,
With truth, taste, judgment, and a feeling heart;
I see, I see poetic shades descend
To hail thee patron, father, guide and friend;
And from their laurelled heads a bough entwine,
To see it bloom with fresher grace on thine!

Now low descending in th' Atlantic waves,
His yellow locks the day's bright regent laves;
The length'ning shadows of the burnished steep,
Shoot down the vales, or tremble on the deep;
The fisher's skiff, smooth-gliding round the shores,
Displays like bars of gold her glancing oars;
The curlew's whistle echoes o'er the strand,
And shrill-piped sea-larks print the yielding sand;
Now from his kiln the wearied swain retires,
Rich with the produce of his sea-weed fires;
Slow up the cliff he winds his homeward way,
Yet turns, full oft, to view the sun's departing ray.

All-powerful Nature! how in every age,
Thy charms delight the peasant and the sage!
Parent of all, or novel, grand or fair,
What bosom owns not thy parental care,
Feels not thy influence rapturous and divine,
And yields spontaneous homage at thy shrine?

Now fair investing all the forms of things, Wide o'er the scene her tints grey Ev'ning flings. Gives to the sombre cliffs a darker hue. And robes the mountains in a deeper blue. And see where Hesper, pilot star of love, Majestic moves through yon fair fields above, With silvery light her crystal tresses teem. And playful lustres o'er the waters gleam. So shines in glory, lovely yet sublime, The bright ASCENDANT of our northern clime, ANTRIM's fair dame, when on her native shore. Land of her great heroic sires of yore, She rays the beams of ancient splendour wide. And lights her halls of hospitable pride; Attempering soft in one harmonious whole, The woman's softness with the heroe's soul,

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

That sweet enchantment which all hearts can please,
Mildness with power, and dignity with ease.
Oft may thy presence, Lady, grace the isle,
Cheer thy fair glens, and make thy mountains smile,
And as yon planet, from its argent way,
On these bleak cliffs reflects the tide of day;
So thou, Illustrious, shed these shores around,
The softened virtues of thy sires renowned;
Truth's open spirit, gen'rous thirst of fame,
The patriot soul, and honour's sacred flame.

Sweet Contemplation, be this hour thy own,
To guide aloft thy "fiery-wheeled throne."
While beats the heart, transported with the view,
While starts the tear to fond devotion true,
Muse on the ways of him, th' almighty king,
Who bade for thee such boundless glories spring.
See how o'er all, eternal order reigns,
In earth, and ocean, and the starry plains;
How the fierce warring elements fulfil
God's wise decrees, and good educe from ill.
Revenge, ambition, faction and the sword,
And man's blind ire shall praise the righteous Lord;

100 THE GIÁNTS' CAUSEWAY.

The phrophet's purposed curse with blessings teems;
From present woe perennial comfort streams;
Taught by Misfortune's hard but useful rod,
See humbled pride adore the pardoning God;
And at the shrine which pampered Affluence spurns,
The sack-clothed sinner with devotion burns.

What impious science bade the poet stray, With the blest Nine, through folly's godless way, Him who with sweet and noble frenzy sang That all from brute unconscious matter sprang? Oh! impotence of reason, blind and vain, How grew such folly in a sage's brain? See as he lifts his soaring thoughts on high, And heaven's bright glories meet his raptured eye, Struck with what awe th' admiring peasant stands, Bows to his God, and spreads his suppliant hands: And shall the sage, in impious error brave, Question that power, which power to question gave? The thought that only doubts, in folly blind, Itself confutes, for mind must spring from mind. Yes, one great cause formed this amazing scene, Fired every star, and spread you blue serene;

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

Bade round the heart, life's ruddy current roll,

And breathed thro' moulded clay the thinking soul.

In every wing that cuts th' aërial tides,

In every fin that through the ocean glides,

In every shell that studs the sea-beat strand,

And bud and flower which western gales expand,

Such beauty mingles with such reach of thought,

As nought, save power divine, could e'er have

wrought;

He, only He, with wisdom's stores replete,
He in whose essence all perfections meet.
E'en these bleak rocks deep stablished in the brine,
Declare the sovereign architect divine:
His is the storm, the whirlwind, and the shower,
The blazing lightning, and the thunder's power.—
When Fate, in darkness stalks her dismal round,
When oceans whelm, and earthquakes rock the ground,
'Tis he who sends the dread destroyer forth,
Speeds the wet South, and drives the freezing North,
Who treads the surge, the bolts' swift vengeance flings,
And walks upon the tempest's sounding wings,
Chained down to earth, or rapt to heaven abroad,
In all we see an omnipresent God;

THE GLANTS' CAUSEWAY.

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And every cause in Nature's ample reign
Forms but a link of that unmeasured chain,
Which holds earth, seas, and skies, and worlds unknown,

Hung in stependous poise from God's eternal theme.

O thou who rul'st o'er ocean, earth, and air, Whose sov'reign power but willed, and all things were; While Nature's devious wilds my thoughts explore, Teach me to love thee, honour, and adure, In thee to hail the animating soul, That forms, supports, adorns, pervades the whole; Thou first great cause whence all creation springs, The world's just ruler and the king of kings. Though high thou reign'st, unbounded and alone, The Lord of worlds on worlds to man unknown, Yet not a flower its bosom can unfold, With perfume rich, or diademed with gold, No not a blade that decks the vernal green, No, not a sand in ocean rolls unseen By thee Omniscient !- Be this truth impress'd With firm devotion on thy votary's breast,

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

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Then should the earth in wild disorder run,
Or night primeval seize the golden sun,
No wayward fear my stedfast soul shall harm,
My hope diminish, or my faith disarm.
But as the eagle that exulting soars
Beyond her eyry, when the whirlwind roars,
And o'er the lightnings that beneath her play,
Spreads her broad pinions to the blaze of day;
So shall the soul o'er death's dominion rise,
And mount in glory to her kindred skies;
Unchained from earth, escaped her dungeon's gloom,
To live and flourish in immortal bloom.

END OF THE POEM.





NOTES.

NOTES TO BOOK FIRST.

Note I. p. 3.

—The echoes of thy hundred caves.

The name of the county of Antrim is probably derived from Tir an viam, the land of caves. These abound every where along the coast, and in all its various strata. Thus, they penetrate the amorphous basalt of the Cavehill, and the Gobbins, the red ochre of Cushendall, the pudding stone of Cushendun, and the limestone of Larne, Ballintoy, and Dunluce. Some of these caves, particularly those of Cushendun and Ballintoy, are dry and roomy, affording the fishermen comfortable accommodation for building their boats, and keeping them during winter. Grace Staples' cave, between Ballycastle and Kenban, is remarkable for the columnarity of its sides, in which particular it resembles Fingal's cave in the island of Staffa. The cave of Port Coon, at the Giant's Causeway, is celebrated for its fine echo, continually resounding to the dash of the waves. But no cave on the court of Antrim can vie in grandeur with that of Dunkerry, between Port Coon, and the Bush-foot-strand. It is accessible only from the ocean, between two mural ridges of jet-black rock. Its lofty dome and sides are overspread

with a covering of green confervæ, which suggests the idea that it might have been scooped out of solid emerald. A crimson zone of marine plants, five or six feet in breadth, above the surface of the water, surrounds and adorns it. The extent of this cave has not been ascertained, as boats are prevented from penetrating to its extremity by the contraction of its sides into a very narrow cleft, through which the waves are heard rolling to a considerable distance. See page 39.

Dr. Ogilby ingeniously supposes that caves are formed in many instances, by the matter of whin dykes having been impeded at the time of deposition by the contiguity of the original fissures, which the dykes now occupy. He observed several caves on the coast of Antrim roofed with that particular conformation of basalt known by the name of whindykes.

Note II. p. 5.

Of some cerulean nymph, &c.

This idea was suggested by the following lines in a manuscript poem of the Rev. H. Boyd, the learned translator of Dante.

The welkin frowned, yet on the placid face Of the still main the mountain shadows lay, As if some airy pencil deigned to trace Their giant features on the gloomy bay.

Note III. p. 6.

Seek Dalriada's wild romantic shore.

Cairbre Riada, son of Conaire the second, king of Ireland, gave his name to the four lower baronies of the county of Antrim, commonly called the Route. A colony under the command of this prince, emigrated to Argyleshire in Scotland, and settled in a Dal, or district, which still retains his name.

"Duce Reuda de Hibernia progressi, vel amicitia, vel ferro, sibimet inter eos sedes, quas hactenus habent, vendicarunt: a quo videlicet duce, usque hodie, Dalrendini vectatur: nam lingua eorum Dal partem significat. Bed. lib. 1. C. 1.

DALRIADA is the appellation adopted in the poem for the county of Antrim in general.

Note IV. p. 10.

Thu Death and Sin, &c.

Deep to the roots of hell the gathered beach They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on Over the foaming deep high-arched, a bridge Of length prodigious, joining to the wall Immoveable of this now fenceless world, Forfeit to death, from hence a passage broad, Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell.

Paradise Lost, Book 10.

Note V. p. 11.

When first to Staffa's coverned shores they came.

Fingal's cave in the island of Staffa has been described with such accuracy and taste by Sir Joseph Banka, that any attempt at farther description would be perilous to the writer, and to the reader superfluous. He has, however, omitted one remarkable circumstance, which is its musical echo...a circumstance the more curious, as it probably gave a name to the cave, Usak na bhine, signifying the musical grotto, being corrupted into Usak na Fin, to favour Macpherson's imposture.

Mr. Pennant has fallen into a strange error, and incorrectness of expression; when he says, in his reference to Sir J.
Banks' description, that Staffa is a genuine mass of basaltes,
or Giants' Causeway, but in most respects superior to the Irish
in grandeur. Had he contented himself with saying that
Fingal's cave excels in regularity of structure, any cave on
the coast of Antrim, he might have obtained credit. But
to assert that the grandeur of Staffa will bear any comparison with the scenery of the Giants' Causeway and its neigh-

[•] See the scientific geography of Pinkerton.

bourhood, is so extravagant, that any one who repeats it, may be fairly suspected of having never made both places the objects of contemplation. The whole extent of Staffa is scarcely a mile in length, and not half that space in breadth, and its greatest elevation does not exceed 128 feet. What is this compared to the grand range of promontories from Port Noffer to Bengore; an undulating line of coast, extending upwards of three miles, and rising in some places, as at Pleaskin, to an elevation of nearly 400 feet, presenting, in a continued series of semicircular bays, in its gigantic colonnades, and the fantastic variety of its rocks, the most magnificent and unparalleled scenery?

If, in the grand features of sublimity, Staffa sinks below comparison with the Antrim coast, it is also greatly inferior both in variety and beauty. It has been justly observed by Hamilton that "the best specimens of pillars at Staffa, are not comparable to those of the Giants' Causeway, in neatness of form, or singularity of articulation."

Note VI. p. 13.

Three days thrice told on Odin loud they call.

"Every ninth month the Scandinavians repeated a detestable ceremony of human sacrifices, which lasted nine days, on each of which they immolated nine of their fellow-creatures. The altars of these tragedies were composed of large stones, which neither the ravages of time, nor the zeal of the first converts to Christianity, have been altogether able to destroy. Stonehenge was probably one of them. For the Britons, as well as all the Celts, Italians, Carthaginians, Phonicians, and in short, all the nations we read of in Europe and Asia, lie under the opprobrium of the same abominable and bloody practice."

The machinery of the Scandinavian mythology, here employed, is justified by the supposition that the Danes introduced their religious rites into Ireland and the Hebrides. The Cromlechs and large circles of stones and earth so frequent in Ireland, are supposed by many to he the remains of the Scandinavian superstition. Macpherson was aware of

this, when he introduced the spirit of Lods, the same as Gdia, into the poem of Carrick Thurs, and beought him, intoconflict with the hero of his fictions.

" The Edds, or religious code of the Scanding up twelve gods and as many goddenes. Odin, the chief, is characterized by the titles of Father of the slain, and the Louis of graves. Ther, the most valient of his sees, is represented as armed with a mace, which he grasps invincibly with guestlets of iron. The giants, against whom the Gods waged frequent war, are denominated "som of Frost." Loise is the principle of evil, and Hela, of death. Lake, in his wars with the gods, was disconfitted. He was seizual, as shot up is a cavern, where he rages with such violence, that he is the cause of all our earthquakes. In Valhalla, the pasadise of the brave, the souls of those who fell in battle, qualfed beer and mead from the simils of their dain fees. The Gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth; this bridge is the rain-bow. To prevent the ginus from according by it into heaven, it was constantly guarded by the porter, Heimdal, whom it was impossible to surprise; for the Gods had given him the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discovering objects by day or night, further them the distance of a hundred leagues. He had also an ear an fine, that he could hear the very gram grow in the mendows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. The sister fates, or Valkyrius, were servants of Odin. Their same signifes Chosers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle, selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla."

See Sullivan's view of Nature...The Edda...And note to Gray's fatal Sisters.

Note VII. p. 16.

Genius of Ossian, Sc.

Irish historians, long before the names of Fingal and Macpherson were ever heard of, could give an exact account and genealogy of our renowned bard. Fin Mac Cumhal was not, as Macpherson represents his hero, the king of Morven, in Scotland, but general of the Fiona Eirionn, under Cormac, grandson of Conn, of the hundred battles. His son Oisin, equally distinguished for valour and poetical genius, became the chief of the clan na Boiskine. He headed the Fiona Eirionn in a revolt against Carbre-Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland. In the disastrous battle of Gabhra, his son Oscar fell by the hand of the monarch, who was himself slain. Oisin, one of the few who escaped, it is said, became blind, and survived till the arrival of St. Patrick, with whom he held frequent conversations respecting Christianity. But no credit is to be given to a supposition, founded only on some monkish legends, which would make the years of the hoary bard double the three generations of Nestor. There is not a single poem extant, which can be clearly traced to Oisin. " Scotland canont produce any literary monument, written before the tenth or eleventh century. Macpherson himself says that the monks of the abbey of Hy, founded by an Irishman, in the sixth century, were the only persons within the territories of the Scots, who could record events, of course these poems must have been preserved, if preserved they were, from the third to the sixth century, by oral tradi-Credat Judæus Apella.—Campbell's Strictures on the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.

The reasonings of Dr. Johnson on this subject, might have been deemed conclusive. Every succeeding investigation serves to corroborate their truth. The result of Dr. Young's inquiry, (and who has been a more candid inquirer than Dr. Young) is well known, and the question concerning the forgery of Macpherson's Centos, notwithstanding the late attempts to impose certain translations from the English Ossian into Erse, as originals, on the Gaelic society in Edinburgh, is for ever decided.

See a most excellent dissertation on this subject by Mr. Laing, annexed to his history of Scotland. Note VIIL p. 17.

See their light Corroghs ride the northern form.

The corragh is a small boat composed of wattles, and covered with hides. These boats are still employed on the western shores of Ireland. Vallancey remarks that they were in use from the Western ocean to the Nilo. See Lucan's Pharsalin, book IV. line 131. Primum cana salix; thus translated by Rowe:

The bending willow into barks they twine,
Then line the work with spoils of slaughtered hise;
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where, in dall surrabes stands the settling Po;
On such, to neighbouring Goal, allured by gait,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling gain.

Note IX. p. 18.

.....Deirdre's fatal chann, Remot all the value of the isk to sta

Deirdre, the Helen of Irish History, us the daughter of Poillin, son of the prime minister of Course, king of Ulater. A Draid had prophesied at her his, that she should prove the cause of immunerable about p her country. To trustrace this prediction, Consess sedied her like a second Danne, in a strong tower. Se ger in years and bessety, and having, one many des spils reven feeding on the blend of a calf, she walls when fiver, whose skin might cumulate the whitenan d'ant hi hair the glosor has of the raven's wing, and the did bloom of the crimera gere. Name, one of the Dunch, whose person corresponded to this described to the formed of Deirdre's wish be her generates, and into the fortren. At the instignmen of his the Maou prevailed on his two brothers. And the massist him in forcing the tower, and deliver to mainty. The deeign succeeded, and Name and we see Scotland, with his prise, accompanied by his bear the nobles of Ulster, regretting the ends of the and leach, whom they

held in high estimation, made a successful application to Concovar, to allow them to return to their native country. But the treacherous king, though he had given two hostages for their security, put them to the sword, and had Deirdre carried to his court. The two hostages, Feargus and Conloingios, justly exasperated at the perfidy of Concovar, levied troops, and took a desperate and bloody revenge. Deirdre remaining inconsolable for her beloved Naois, Concovar determined that she should become the wife of the officer who had slain her husband. But from this new calamity she escaped by a lucky spring fom her chariot, by which she terminated at once her sufferings and her life.

The author is informed that there is a cave on the coast of Cantire, called Deirdre's cave; and a stone erected in a field near Lisanoor, in the county of Antrim, is said to mark the grave of the Clan na Uisneach. On the summit of Knocklaid stands a cairn, called carn an truir, or the cairn of the three, but of what three, tradition does not record. The rock named Craig an Uisneach, at Benmore, points out the place where Uisneach was drowned.

Note X. p. 18.

Or great Tirowen, on the Saxon horde, Proved the keen temper of Ultonia's sword.

The following character of Hugh O'Nial, the famous earl of Tyrone, is abridged from a note in Campbell's Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.

"This extraordinary man was an illegitimate branch of that royal stock, which had supplied the throne of Ireland with many monarchs. He was bred up under the best masters in England, and received with favour at the court of Elizabeth. Having obtained a command of men in Ireland; he took care to instruct them in the art of war, and without appearing to encrease the number of his troops, he was always dismissing, and attaching to his person, the old soldiers whom he had formed, and gathering recruits to learn the tactical exercise. As the house of O'Nial had always proved refractory to Eng-

ind covernment, the queen thought it good policy to invest thigh with the earldom of Tyrone, as a counterpoise to the influence of the inguinate blood. The horizon of O'Nal's universe of the inguinate blood. The horizon of O'Nal's universe new argan to writer; he looked down upon his we arganize, may the attent to O'Nal of Ulater, than king action, that to want rather be O'Nal of Ulater, than king a family, then are man artern amarch of Europe. Before he can also us that are appointed was quantities of lead, then are ween a want a temporal was quantities of lead, a want of a series at any are universe. It imputs, when his mine was ready a counter as attention Marman langual, at the head of a counter way as after saving the marched with his own

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Note XI, p. 18.

Or Sourlebuoy, from lonely glen or hill, Poured through the martial pipe his pibrock shrill.

Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the Mac Donnells, from Argyleshire, established themselves in the north of Ireland. Alexander Mac Donnell, for his services against the Scots, was presented by the earl of Sussex with a gold sword, and silver gilt spurs; and had the monastery of Glenarm, and the lands belonging thereto, granted him.* He also laid claim to the estates of the Mac Quillans, and had his claims ratified by James the first. The numerous quarrels which ensued between the Mac Quillans and Mac Donnells, were finally decided at the battle of Aura.

Sourlebuoy, i. e. Charles the swarthy, son of Alexander Mac Donnell, and a daughter of Mac Cane, was seated at Dunluce, and during the rebellion of Shane O'Neil, was taken prisoner, and confined by him, until enlarged, in order to procure the assistance of his brother Alexander, and the Scots under his command, to withstand the lord deputy Sidney. The Scots went to O'Neil's camp, on pretence of assisting him, but in revenge of former injuries, hewed him and his followers to pieces. A. D. 1567.

July 4, 1569, Sourlebuoy being encamped at Margy, near Ballycastle, with some well-armed Highlanders, was attacked by Edward Mac Quillan, whom he repulsed, and obliged to retreat, with the loss of one of his brothers, and a number of men. Sourlebuoy now became the assailant, and in a second battle, fought at the head of Glenshesk, slew another of the Mac Quillans, and forced their army to retreat towards Aura. Here they were joined by Charles O'Neil of Claneboy, and Hugh Mac Phelemy Roe O'Neil, from Tyrone, who, being esteemed an able general, was entrusted with the command of the forces. Sourlebuoy being also reinforced, determined on a battle, and marching to the war-

like music of four Highland pipes, commenced the attack. But he was worsted in this engagement, and had to lament the fall of three of his bravest officers.

O'Neil had expected a considerable number of men to join his standard, and had they arrived, he might have obtained a decisive victory. But two of his servants, one of them a Highland piper, named O'Kain, whom he had charged with misconduct, deserted to the enemy, and represented the advantages of attacking O'Neil, before his succours approached. O'Kain proposed to go in the character of a messenger from O'Neil's camp, to inform the commander of the expected reinforce. ment, that his services were not required, as Sourlebuoy had been already defeated. The wary chieftain approved this advice, and laid a stratagem for the defeat of his enemy. which was attended with complete success. He collected a number of women on Drimidder, a mountainous ridge in view of O'Neil's men, or, as is more probable, he arrayed some of his men in female attire, either to irritate O'Neil by an expression of contempt, or to inspire the idea that his men were in a state of disorder, and might be easily subdued. O'Neil was heard to boast that he would soon go and disperse the female camp. This happened on the day previous to the battle. During the night, Sourlebuoy employed his men in digging up rushes, which he laid carefully across a bog, near the intended scene of action, forming a narrow path, over which a line of infantry might pass securely, and so artificially constructed, that the enemy might mistake them for the natural produce of the soil.

On the morning of July 13, 1569, Sourlebuoy being joined by a number of allies, under the command of Hugh Mac Aulay, from the Glynns, sent out a detachment of his men, with two officers, and as many Highland pipers, to provoke the enemy to action. He had, at the same time, appointed a number of men, women, and boys, armed with long poles, under flying colours, to appear at a distance advancing in form of a military reinforcement. O'Neil determined to commence the attack, before this supposed reinforcement could join Sourlebuoy. In the confidence of victory he said "the Highland-

ers will not be a breakfast for us." One Mac Illmoyle in his camp replied, "Take care they don't be your supper," "That they will not," said O'Neil, "even with your assistance, you Buddaugh, and you may go over to them if you will." This insult cost him his life; for, according to the observation of Plutarch, the generality of men, are more apt to resent a contemptuous word, than an unjust action. Mac Illmoyle deserted during the conflict, and cut down O'Neil in the retreat. Sourlebuoy's men being near the bottom of the hill, their fire did great execution, while that of his enemy being ill-directed from above, had but little effect. O'Neil seeing his men fall, commanded the cavalry to charge. Sourlebuoy did not sustain the attack, but retreated over the bog by the rush path which he had previously constructed. The horsemen rashly pursued, and being engulfed, and tied to their saddles, according to the custom of the age, were quickly dispatched. O'Neil, accompanied by a faithful servant, fled, but they were overtaken and slain. The cairns of both are still to be seen, where they fell, on great Aura. After this victory, Sourlebuoy was invited, with all his men, by the Mac Aulays of the Glynns, to dine on the S. E. side of Trostan. They feasted four days, and erected a cairn, which is still known by the name of Caslin Sourlebuoy.

After the defeat, Mac Quillan's men were entirely dispersed, and he himself sought refuge in an island of Lough-linch. Coll Doenagapple, and Owen Gar Magee, two of Sourlebuoy's cousins, cast lots, to decide who of them should swim to the island, and attack him, as no boat could be procured. The lot fell on Magee, and he swam to the island, carrying his sword in his teeth; and after a well-contested battle, cut off Mac Quillan's head, and thus terminated the wars of these two rival clans.

Charles O'Neil was slain by a Highlander whom he insulted, and buried under a cairn, known by the name of Cruik na Dhuine, near Cushendun.

Old Edward Mac Quillan, having lost his estates, and his three sons became blind with grief. But in the course of a year, having recovered the sight of one eye, he went to London, and made a representation of his misfortunes to the king, and received, in recompence of his lost territory, a grant of the barony of Innishowen, which he foolishly exchanged with Sir John Chichester, for a small estate in the neighbour-hood of Ballymena. Frugality never formed the characteristic of an Irish chief. B. Oge Mac Quillan sold his estate to one of the Chichesters; the money was soon spent, and the family of the Mac Quillans extinguished.*

In 1573, Sourlebuoy was made a free denizen of Ireland. and sworn to be a true subject. But he seems to have always felt uneasy under the British yoke. The following anecdote, preserved by tradition, will illustrate the character of this haughty and high-spirited chieftain. When the letters patent from England, confirming his title to his estates, arrived at Dunluce, he ordered a large fire to be kindled, and drawing his sword, cut the parchment in pieces, and flung it into the flames, declaring, "that the lands which he had won by the sword, should never be held by a sheepskin." In 1575, he assaulted the garrison of Carrickfergus, slew captain Baker with his lieutenant, forty soldiers, and some inhabitants; and though forced to retire, and come to terms of submission, we find him again in arms, in 1584, assisted by a numerous body of auxiliaries from the isles, and determined to hold the Route and the Glynns by force. During the prosecution of the war, now levied against the English, the following singular contest took place between Alexander, the son of Sourlebuoy, and Captain Merry-

"Alexander being a daring young fellow, and a good swordsman, showed himself at the head of his men, and called for Merryman to answer him in single combat; which a Gallinglasse (standing on the outside of the English, saying he was the man,) accepted. They encounter, and Alexander's target being at the first blowe by the Gallinglasse axe beaten to his head, was astonished; but soon recourse.

[·]Hamilton.

ing himselfe, got within the other, and with his sword, cleft his head, so as he left him for dead, which Merryman seeing, who was not far off, met Alexander, so as with sword and target they held for a fewe blows and a good fight; but Alexander being sore hurt by the Captaine on the legge, withdrew, and got himself out of the field, to ease and dresse his wound.*"

Merryman had little honour in a victory which he stole by wounding in the leg, contrary to the law of arms, an antagonist weakened by a previous conflict. After the retreat of his men, Alexander endeavoured to conceal himself under a covering of turf and hurdles. But being found out, his head was struck off, and set upon a pole, at the castle of Dublin. Sourlebuoy having gone thither to treat with the deputy, was desired by one of the courtiers to behold the ghastly visage of his son. To this ruthless and insulting speech, the chief replied with just indignation and unbroken spirit, "my son hath many heads." But whatever projects he might still plan for the support of his independence, he was finally obliged to submit. Sir John Perrot having taken his castle of Dunluce, with all his islands and loughs, prevailed on him to sue for protection, and he was accordingly restored to her Majesty's favour.† He died 1589.

Some of the principal facts recorded in this note, are extracted from two well authenticated manuscripts obligingly communicated by Dr. Mc. Donnell.

Note XII. p. 18.

Now to the heughs of black polluted shade, He sees the fierce Monro with gory blade.

The heughs, commonly known by the name of the Gobbin heugh, from Gob, the mouth, ben a promontory, and heugh a

Government of Freland, under Sir John Perrot. Edit.
 London. 1626.

[†] Lodge's peerage.

craggy declivity, are a long ridge of prependicular rock, about 200 feet high, forming the N. E. boundary of the peninsula of Magee. There are two castles in this peninsula, castle Chichester, near the isthmus, and the other, now a ruin, opposite Port Muck. There are also several cromlechs, or druidical altars; and at the E. Side of Brown's bay, a large stone called the Giant's cradle, so nicely balanced, that a small force will put it into motion, though the utmost strength of many men could not overturn it. In times of remote antiquity, this stone might have been employed as a proper instrument to impose on the credulity of an ignorant and superstitious people.

"It was usual with the Egyptians," according to Mr. Bryant,
with much labour to place one vast stone upon another, for
a religious memorial; the stones thus placed, they poised oftentimes so equally, that they were affected with the least
external force, nay, a breath of wind would sometimes make
them vibrate."

The story alluded to in the poem, by poetical licence, and in conformity to vulgar tradition, is, that a number of Roman Catholics, in the rebellion of 1641, were precipitated over the Gobbins. Monro, the commander of some Scotch puritans in the garrison of Carrickfergus, is said to have been the perpetrator of this atrocity, and the cliffs are still shown to the eye of fancy, distained with the blood of the unhappy victims. Some of our late historians have alledged that not fewer than 3000 persons suffered in that disgraceful transaction. It is, however, with pleasure, that the author finds it in his power to expose an exaggeration so extravagant. It appears from a minute and faithful examination of the depositions lodged in Trinity College, by the very relations of those who suffered, that not more than thirty persons, (not thirty families, as Dr. Leland supposes,) were put to death, and not by precipitation over the Gobbins, but in their own houses. The cause assigned for an atrocity sufficiently enormous, without the aid of exaggeration, was revenge for some outrages committed against the protestants in a neighbouring district. This shocking transaction took place in January 1642; the rebellion commenced October 1641. But notwithstanding, it has been lately asserted in Plowden's History, and Clarendon quoted as authority, that it preceded the rebellion. Clarendon asserts the very reverse. "The rebellion," says he, "broke out, without so much as the least pretence of a quarrel, or hostility as much as apprehended by the protestants."

Party spirit, fear, hatred, and other passions always aggravate. The crimes committed both by protestants and catholics during the rebellion of 1641, have been delineated in colours the most odious, and shapes the most disgusting. Even the philosophical historian, Hume, has suffered himself to become the dupe of imposition, in adopting as facts the statements of prejudice and misrepresentation; and on no occasion is he more eloquent than in his highly coloured and erroneous description of the rebellion of 1641. That many atrocities were committed by both parties, though not a fourth part of the number alledged, is unhappily too true. But it would be wise to give way to the natural effect of time, in drawing a veil over them, and adopt a mutual spirit of concibiation.

Note XIII. p. 19.

......... Hail, patriot Walker hail !

" Mr. George Walker, so justly famous for his defence of Derry, (when Lundey, the governor, would have surrendered it to King James,) was born of English parents, in the county of Tyrone, and educated in the university of Glasgow; he was afterwards rector of Donoughmore, not many miles from the city of Londonderry. Upon the revolution, he raised a regiment for the defence of the protestants; and upon intelligence of King James having a design to besiege Londonderry, retired thither, being at last chosen governor of it. After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their Majesties, and on the 19th November, 1689, received the thanks of the house of commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and had a present of £5000. He was created D. D. by the university of Oxford, on 26th February, 1690, on his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July, at the passage of

the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign, before he took possesson of his Bishoprick. Birch.

"The flesh of horses, dogs, and vermin, hides, tallow and other nauseous substances, were purchased at extravagant prices, and eagerly devoured. Even such miserable resources began to fail, and no means of sustenance could be found for more than two days. Still the languid and ghastly crouds listened to the exhortations of Walker; still he assured them from the pelpit that the Almighty would grant them a deliverance. While their minds were yet warm with this harangue, delivered with all the cornestness of a man inspired, they discovered three ships in the lough, making way to the town. On three interesting objects, both the garrison and the besiegers fixed their eyes in all the eagerness of suspense and expectation. The enemies, from their battery, from their musketry, thundered furiously on these ships, which returned their fire with spirit. The foremost of the victuallers struck rapidly against the boom, and broke it, but, rebounding with violence, ran aground. The enemy burst instantly into shouts of joy, and prepared to board her; on the crouded walls, the garrison stood stupified by despair. The vessel fired her guns, was extricated by the shock, and floated. She passed the boom, and was followed by her companions. The town was relieved, and the enemy retired."

LELAND

Note XIV. p. 19.

They poured their radiance on Ierne's plains.

That learning flourished in Ireland, when the rest of Europe was immersed in ignorance and barbarity, is a trush supported by indubitable authority. "The testimony of Bede

[&]quot;"To prevent supplies by water, the enemy had stretched from two opposite forts, a boom across the Foyle, formed of strong timber, joined by iron chains, and strengthened by thick cables."

is unquestionable, that about the middle of the seventh century, in the days of the venerable prelates, Finian and Coleman, many nobles, and other orders of the Anglo-Saxons, retired from their own country into Ireland, either for instruction, or for an opportunity of living in monasteries of stricter discipline, and that the Scots, as he stiles the Irish, maintained them, taught them, and furnished them with books, without fee or reward." " A most honourable testimony," says Lord Lyttleton, "not only to the learning, but likewise to the bounty and hospitality of that nation. A conflux of foreigners to a retired island, at a time when Europe was in ignorance and confusion, gave peculiar lustre to that seat of learning; nor is it improbable or surprising, that seven thousand students studied at Armagh, agreeably to the accounts of Irish writers, though the seminary of Armagh was but one of the numerous colleges erected in Ireland."

"But the labours of the Irish clergy were not confined to their own country. Their missionaries were sent to the continent. They converted heathens; they confirmed believers; they erected convents; they established schools of learning; they taught the use of letters to the Saxons and Normans; they converted the Picts by the preaching of Columkill, one of their renowned ecclesiastics. Burgundy, Germany, and other countries received their instructions, and Europe confessed the superior knowledge, the piety, the zeal, the purity of the Island of Saints."

LELAND.

Note XV. p. 20.

Yet with regret let memory fond retrace The long-lost honours of the tuneful race.

Keating informs us that the Milesians brought into Ireland a musician and a poet, both eminent in their respective arts. Each of the Milesian leaders, Heber and Heremon, was anxious to retain them in his train, and they agreed to decide their claims by lot. The musician fell to Heber, and the poet to Heremon. The former communicated a taste for music to the Southern, and the latter a love of poetry to the northern part of the island, a distinction which, some contend, remains till this day.

The Bards were invested with peculiar privileges, and held in the highest estimation by the kings and nobles of Ireland. They were freed from all taxes and contributions; their houses were esteemed sanctuaries, and their persons sacred; lands and revenues were conferred on them; and in addition to their stated salary, they received a liberal reward for each of their poetical compositions. Cairbre Musc, a poet in the reign of Oilliol Olum, was rewarded with a present of the two districts of Ormond for an ingenious panegyric on his prince. This was the golden age of the Irish Bards.

Similar honours were conferred on their poets by all the Northern nations. The Scalds of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, were held in the highest estimation both by their princes and the people. "Harald Harfagar placed them above all the officers of his court. Many princes entrusted them, both in peace and war, with commissions of the utmost importance. They were rewarded with magnificent presents, golden rings, glittering arms, and rich apparel. In a word, the poetic art was held in such estimation, that great lords, and even kings, did not disdain to cultivate it with the utmost pains themselves.

The honours and immunities of the Irish Bards having added greatly to their numbers, they became a burden to the people obliged to support them. Every poet of the first rank had thirty of inferior note as his attendants; and every one of secondary rank fifteen. The influence of the crown had to be repeatedly exercised to repress their insolence, and four times they were in danger of being banished, or put to death. Under Connor Macnessa, king of Ulster, the people had formed a determination to banish them, but by the interference of the king, they were allowed seven years of probation. During that time they rendered themselves less obnoxious to the people, and the persecution ceased. The princes of Ulster

Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

were always their avowed patrons and advocates. Fiachad, the dynast of that province, saved them from a second persecution, and kindly entertained them for a whole year. A third time they were saved from banishment by Maolchabha another prince of Ulster.

Untaught by experience, they became in the reign of Aodh, or Hugh, A. D. 558, a greater grievance to the people than before, and indulged their insolence to such a pitch that they demanded the golden bodkin, which fastened the royal robes, a jewel of singular virtue, and of hereditary right inalienable from the king. This demand provoked the monarch, and he summoned a council of his nobles to Dromceat, to pass a law for their suppression. The timely intercession of Collum-Kill mollified the king, and it was agreed that the college of the poets should be reformed, not suppressed, and that the king, and every provincial prince, and lord of a Cantred should retain one poet, to record the exploits and genealogy of his family. The Bard had to attend his patron to the field of battle, and his harp was not less necessary to animate the spirit of the conflict, than the rude music of the bag-pipe in more modern times. "The ode composed for the occasion was called Rosg Catha, the eye of battle. Numbers of these odes are yet preserved. Many are beautiful, animating, and seem evidently by their measure to have been set to martial music.""

The Bards also sang the Caoine or funeral dirge of slain warriors, and at the grand feast of Samhuin, or the moon, recited sacred odes, as, it is probable, they did also at the grand festivals of Beal Tinne, and Lugnasa, when fires were kindled, and sacrifices offered on every hill throughout the island, to Beal or the Sun, the grand object of national worship. By their strains they regulated the movements of the Rinkey or martial dance, and perhaps bore a distinguished part in the sacred dance, in which, according to some of our antiquaries, the Druids "observed the revolutions of the year, by dancing about our round towers."

Spenser has given his testimony in favour of the posting merits of the Bards' compositions; and though he could see them only through the cold medium of translation, he acknowledges " that they savoured of sweet wit, and good invention, and were sprinkled with some pretty flowres of their naturall device which gave good grace and comlinesse unto them." At the same time he laments, and it is to be feared too justly, that they prostituted their powers of song to the service of vice. Instead of uniting in their own persons, as their predecessors had done, the character of historian, judge, poet, philosopher, and the instructor of youth, they made the licentious and lawless the objects of their panegyric, and so far from instructing "young men in moral discipline, they themselves did more deserve to bee sharply disciplined." Like the Bands of Wales, they took a decided part in opposing the English power, and by their animated strains in which they dwelt on the exploits of their ancestors, and the sweets of liberty, the ruin of their country, and the rapacity of her invaders, fomented a spirit of rebellion which could be allayed, only by the extinction of their order. To effect this, several rigorous James were enacted against them, in the reigns of Edward III. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. They were obliged to seek the protection of solitude and concealment. Surrounded by the wild ecenery of their rocks and mountains, they poured out their expiring notes with exquisite and inimitable pathos. Their numbers, gradually diminished; and their profession, yielding to the progress of civilization and refinement, at length became extinct.

Note XVI. p. 21.

The hely circuit of the round tower led.

There are three round towers in the county of Antrim, including Ram's-island, one of which stands on that Island, a second within half a mile of Antrim, and a third at Armoy. These singular structures, according to some of our Irish antiquaries were erected by the Ostmen, as belfries, and this opinion is ably supported by Dr. Ledwich: others fancy,

for the idea is without foundation, that they are monuments of Ascetic superstition, like that erected by Simon Stylites; and a third class, headed by General Vallancey, that they are the same as the Persian Pyratheia, or Phœnician depositories of the sacred fire. That they were designed for some religious purpose, then, is generally agreed; and the opinion that they are of Eastern origin, may also seem probable, by the following extract form Lord Valentia's travels.

"I was much pleased with the sight of two very singular round towers about a mile N. W. of the town of Bhaugulpore. They much resemble those buildings in Ireland which have hitherto puzzled the antiquaries of the sister kingdom, except that they are more ornamented. It is singular that there is no tradition concerning them, nor are they held in any respect by the Hindoos of the country. The Rajah of Iyenagur considers them as holy, and has erected a small building to abelter the great number of his subjects who annually come to worship here."

The round tower of Antrim has been accurately described in the Belfast Magazine for June, 1809, p. 424. "This tower is perfectly round, both internally and externally, and is but little impaired by time; it is 80 feet high, and tapers about 18 feet from the top, in form of a sugar loaf; it is 52 feet in girth near the base, and seemingly about 36 near the top, before it begins to taper. At the ground are two circles of stones, projecting about eight inches each: nine feet above these stones is a small door facing the north, there are no steps up to the door, nor any appearance of its ever having had such. There are three tiers of loop holes for the admission of air and light; those near the top are round, and correspond to the four cardinal points; within are places in the wall for resting beams, evidently for the purpose of making the tower into stories. The masonry is good, and the wall upwards of three feet thick; the loop holes and doors are arched with hewn stone."

Note XVII. p. 20.

To urge them furious on the robber Dane.

The Danes made their first appearance in a formidable body on the coast of Ireland, in the reign of Aodh or Hugh of the

posterity of Heremon A. D. 820, and for more than 200 years spread terror and devastation through every part of the island, The most successful and cruel of these ravagers was Turgesius, a robber of the royal line of Denmark. He usurped supreme power, and for the space of 13 years exercised the most unparalleled cruelty. He was at length surprised and put to death by the king of Meath, for whose daughter he indulged a criminal passion. The king of Meath, on pretence of saving his daughter from the shame of public prostitution, begged Turgesius to desist from his importunities for only one night, and that he would send his daughter, with a suitable retinue of fifteen of the fairest virgins in Meath, to his palace the night following. In the mean time, he selected fifteen beardless youths of high spirit and resolution, and having arrayed them in female attire, with a sharp dagger under the vest of each, sent them in place of the fifteen virgins to the palace of Turgesius. They were kindly welcomed by the Danish nobles who had been invited to share their favours. But the youths requited their kindness in a manner very unexpected; for when Turgesius laid hold of the princess of Meath, they instantly drew their daggers, and buried them in the hearts of the Danes. Turgesius according to a previous plan, was bound, and brought before the king of Meath; who deeming him unworthy of the death of a warrior, ordered him to be thrown into Loch Ainnin, where he perished.

But the destruction of this tyrant, and his barbarian accomplices, did not free Ireland from the predatory excursions of the Northern Rovers. They continued to sweep the coast with all the desolation of fire and sword, and the island of saints changed its character for that of a land of blood-shed and devastation. At length the Danes in a decisive battle fought in the field of Clontarf, near Dublin, on good friday, April 23, 1034, were defeated by Brian Boiromhe, with so great a carnage, that they were never afterwards able to oppose the Irish arms.

The character of Brian is depicted by Irish historians in all the glowing colours of panegyric. They represent him as possessed of every virtue public and private, a philosopher and poet, a consummate general, and a patriot king. He was as

useful to his country as Turgesius had been destructive. He rebuilt all the edifices, literary and ecclesiastic, which had felt the destroying rage of the enemy; he restored and enforced the laws; erected fortifications; made highways throughout the island; and inspired his subjects with such reverence for the principles of honour and virtue, that, it is said, a young lady of surpassing beauty, richly adorned with jewels, and carrying a wand with a golden ring on the top of it, passed unmolested from the Northern to the Southern extremity of the land. In 49 battles he had signalized his valour against the Danes, and at the advanced age of 88 years he still retained the spirit of a warrior and a king. By the persuasion of his son Morrogh he had retired from the heat of the battle at Clontarf, to his tent, where he was ungenerously slain by one Buadar a Danish fugitive to whom he had offered protection. As the hoary monarch was stretching out his hand for the battle axe of the Dane, in token of submission, he received a blow on the head which proved fatal; but not before he had laid the assassin dead at his feet.

Cnutus, Prince of Denmark, his brother Andrew, and Maolmordha, the rebel king of Leinster, with 10,000 Danes fell in the field of Clontarf. Many nobles of distinction also fell on the side of the Irish, particularly Morrogh son of Brian. He was treacherously stabbed by the hand of Cnutus whom he had stooped to relieve, as he lay, apparently expiring, among the dead.

The following extraordinary description of the battle of Clontarf, translated from the Irish language, is said to have been written by a spectator, a month after the engagement. "When both the powerful armies engaged, and grappled in close fight, it was dreadful to behold how their swords glittered over their heads, being struck by the rays of the sun, which gave them an appearance of a numerous flock of white sea gulls flying in the air; the strokes were so mighty, and the fury of the combatants so terrible, that great quantities of hair torn or cut off from their heads by their sharp weapons, was driven far off by the wind, and their spears and battle axes were so encumbered with hair, cemented together with clotted blood, that it

was scarcely possible to clear, or bring them to their former brightness." Authorities, Keating and McCurtin.

Note XVIJL p. 23.

Here too his sacred love the Druid taught.

Numerous monuments of the Druidical superstition, beside those mentioned in Island Magee, are still to be seen in the County of Antrim. There is a Cromlech at Mount Druid, the seat of Doctor Trail, near Ballintoy, a second at Rough-forth about six miles from Belfast, and a third on the hill of Brown Dodd, in the centre of a circle of stones 18 feet in diameter. These monuments correspond, in general, to the description in the poem. Sometimes the altar has two converging lines of stones, gradually diminishing in elevation till they reach the circumference of the stony circle. The length of these lines at Roughforth is 40 feet, the breadth at the base 12, and at the apex 6. Four stones about 24 feet high support a trap rock which forms the altar, and 8 other rocks of dimensions gradually lessening to the point, cover the two converging lines of upright stones; but the passage underneath is almost filled up with rubbish. The circular enclosure of stones has been probably removed to make room for the plough. The longitudinal direction is E. and W.

The large circular enclosure of earth known by the name of the Giant's ring, on the Eastern side of the Lagan, four miles from Belfast, has a Cromlech in the center. The enclosure is of such height as to exclude the prospect of every thing but the sky. From its situation and extent we may suppose it to have been a grand seminary, or metropolitan see of the Druids.

"The primitive religion of the Danes proscribed the use of temples, and taught that it was offensive to the Gods to pretend to enclose them within the circuit of walls. We find at this day, here and there in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, in the middle of a plain, or upon some little hill, altars around which they assemble to offer sacrifices, and to assist at other religious ceremonies. Three long pieces of rock set upright serve for a basis to a great flat stone which forms the table of the al-

tar. There is commonly a pretty large cavity under this altar which might be intended to receive the blood of the victims, and they never fail to find stones for striking fire scattered round it, for no other fire but such as was struck forth with a flint was pure enough for such a purpose. Sometimes these rural altars are constructed in a more magnificent manner, a double range of enormous stones surrounds the altar, and the little hill on which it is erected."

Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

Note XIX. p. 24.

Round Sleimis see what beams of glory play.

Sleimis, i. e. Sliable Mios or Muas, signifying, according to the fancy of the Etymologist, either the Month Mountain, from the monthly sacrifices offered to the moon, or the Altar Mountain, from its resemblance to an altar, such as the Irish used previous to the introduction of Christianity, is a curious mountain, shaped like a truncated cone, near Broughshane, under which it is said our great national saint resided during his captivity. He was nephew of St. Martin. Bishop of Tours in France, and was brought captive with his two sisters, Lupida and Darcera, from Armorica or Britanny, by Nial of the nine hostages. Being then only 16 years of age, he soon learned the language of the country. and by his excellent talents, and amiable disposition, became so endeared to the king and nobility, that he was permitted to revisit France. Thence he went to Rome, and for 30 years devoted himself to religious study. At length being qualified for the labours of an apostle, he was deputed by pope Celestine to convert Ireland to Christianity. He was accompanied by 24 or 30 holy men; and, it is recorded, among the other monkish fables of Jocelyn, that in his way, he received from an Anchorite named Justus, a staff of as extraordinory virtue as the wand of Moses, and which, Justus declared, he had received from the very hand of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the year 482 he arrived in Ireland, and, in the short space of three years, thoroughly converted the whole mass of the people. He founded 355 Monasteries, consecrated an equal number of Bishops, and ordained 3000 priests. He assisted in the council of nine appointed by Laogaire at Tarah, to examine the public records and genealogies. He banished all serpents and other noxious amintals out of the island, in which he resided 61 years. At length 'he died at Armagh, and was buried in Downpatrick, where also rest the bones of St. Brigid, and Columba, agreezhle so the Leonine distich.

Hi tres in Duno, tumulo tumulantur in uno,

Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius.

Usher mentions that the Druids had foretold the arrival of St.

Patrick.

Druides, sive Magi Hibernici, adventum B. Patricii ante triennium prædixisse perhibentur.

Note XX. p. 25.

A feel Adulterer bows at England's threnc.

Dermod, chief of the principality of Leinster, had imbibed with his mother's milk, a spirit of pride and intolerance, which none of the restrictions of education could bridle or subdue. While the haughtiness of his deportment disgusted the nobles, his untractable and ferocious manners repelled that admiration which his superior stature and bodily strength would have excited in the vulgar. He avenged the hatred or the contempt of his people by his tyranny, till at length he committed a crime that involved the whole of his unfortunate country in misery and deso-lation.

Dervorghal, wife of O'Rourke, the dynast of Breffney, had inspired Dermod with a licentious passion, from the gratification of which he was deterred by no motive of honor or fear. Dervorghal, whose rank was dishonoured, and whose personal charms were contaminated by levity and inconstancy, listened with pleasure to the proposals of the prince of Leinster. While O'Rourke was absent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the national saint, Dermod, with a party of horse, surrounded her palace, and according to a preconcerted plan seized on the person of Dervorghala struggling with feigned reluctance, and bore her in triumph to his own place of residence.

O'Rourke, on his return, was enflamed with the unmost rage at the perfidy of his wife, and the villainny of herseducer. He sought, and obtained the aid of Roderick O'Comnor, monarch of Ireland, and entered the territories of Dermod with fire and sword. In vain did Dermod call on the
people and the nobles to rally round his throne. The swords
that should have been drawn in his defence, were sharpened against him. Abandoned by all except a few desperate
adherents, the encouragers and partakers of his crimes, he
determined to seek the aid of Henry II. of England. In
the dress of a suppliant and an exile, he appeared before the
English monarch, and excited his pity and his ambition.
But his continental wars preventing Henry from giving personal aid, he dismissed his suppliant with letters patent, in
which he declared that he had taken Dermod into his protection, and that whosoever of his subjects should assist in
restoring him to his possessions, might rest secure of royal
patronage and support.

Elevated with hopes of success, the exile hastened on his journey back. At Bristol he caused his letters to be publickly read, and had copies of them exhibited on the doors and columns of the most public places, with a copious appendix, in which he was not sparing of promises of reward, to those who should venture their lives and fortunes in his cause. But it would be incompatible with the limits of a note to pursue the history of this ruffian. Suffice it to say that many needy and ambitious adventurers, among whom the names of Fitzstephen, Fitzgerald, De Cogan, Prendergast and Strongbow, are most conspicuous, espoused his cause, and joined his standard, the ensuing spring, on the coast of Wexford. Having lived only to witness the ruin of his country, he closed his life of cruelty and rapine at the Abbey of Ferns, in the beginning of May, 1172.

Note XXI. p. 26.

Boyne foams with blood, a coward monarch flics.

The reader does not require to be told who is here meant. What Irishman does not know, and reprobate the memory of that unprincely and pusillanimous king, James II? Because his raw and undisciplined kerns did not gain the victory at the

Boyne over the veteran troops of the heroic William, he had the folly and ingratitude to tax them with cowardice, though he was himself the first who fled. Well did Sarsfield say to the British officers, "change but kings, and we will fight it over again with you." "The Irish have not forgotten the foul slander of James, nor do they fail to recriminate. They brand him with a name the most opprobrious in their language, and expressive of the most dastardly cowardice. Some of them have said to me, "We expect little good from any of the race Sheemas-o-caccogh. i. e. S——n James."

Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland.

Note XXII. p. 26.

Here good Columba shewed in Christian shies, The lucid day-star of Salvation rise.

Columba, a descendant of the great Nial, king of Ireland, founder of the monastery at Colum-kill, and the apostle of the western isles, born A. D. 521. He was equally distinguished for his learning and piety, his zeal and indefatigable labour in propagating the gospel. He converted the Druidical seminary of Innishowen into a college for monks, and founded upwards of 100 monasteries (some authors affirm 300) in Scotland and Ireland, among which were those of Derry, Colerain and Rathlin. But his favourite residence was Icolum-kill, or Iona, a seminary of learning and religion, which for many ages supplied Europe with learned and pious teachers. "From this nest of Columba, says Odopellus, these sacred doves took their flight to all quarters." Columba died A. D. 597, aged 76. Some of his latin hymns are yet extant.

See Smith's life of Columba.

Note XXIII. p. 27.

Where Margy's walls unroofed and mouldering stand.

The following description of Bona Marga is extracted from the Belfast Magazine for April 1809.

"This abbey was founded in 1509, by Charles Mac Donnell, for monks of the Franciscan order, and it may be ranked among the latest of the Monastic edifices raised in Ireland. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the village of Ballycastle,

commanding to the West a view of the ocean, with the bold outlines of the rocks that rise, in many a fantastic shape, along the coast; to the South the undulating line of the mountains of Knock-laid, and to the East the extensive glen of Carey. The Chapel is 100 feet in length, and 84 in breadth. The refectory cells, and other apartments, are too much dilapidated to allow any accurate description of their former size. The eastern gable of the chapel which is still in a tolerable state of preservation, is adorned with several well executed devices in bass relief, which however are now rapidly mouldering to decay. To the East of the great entrance to the Chapel are the remains of a small edifice with narrow pointed gabels, which seems to have been the lodge of a porter, or lay brother; the venerable stillness of this sacred spot, the numerous reliques of mortality that surround it, and the remembrance it produces of days that have been, give it even in its present desolated state, an appearance more interesting, more impressive than it possessed, when rising in all its plenitude of monkish pride."

Here was the burial place of the Antrim family.

Mr. Robert Stewart of Ballycastle obligingly furnished the author with the annexed account of an extraordinary woman who formerly dwelt in the abbey, and was known by the name of the black Nun of Bona Marga, or Sheelah Dubh ni Valone. " She lived in the most austere manner, and in the constant exersise of devotion. Independent of a just notion of revealed religion, she appears to have possessed a wonderful knowledge of future events, and to have been enlightened by a ray of intellect more than human. Her predictions often bore the appearance of improbability, and were by many, considered as the wanderings of an enthusiastic mind. Some of them however have been verified. Rigid in her idea of religious duty, she regarded every deviation from it as unpardonable. Tradition says, the nun had a sister whom she had occasion to blame for some impropriety of conduct; and though the offender had shown ample contrition, the recluse would not be satisfied. It happened however that the penitent had occasion, one wintry night, to beg shelter. from her sister, who could not, from Christain motives, deny her request, but determined, rather than abide under the same roof, to pay her accustomed devotions in the open air.

After remaining some hours at prayer, the devout woman looked towards the cell, and saw a most brilliant light. Struck with amasement, knowing that neither fire nor taper had burned there for many months, she approached the bed on which her sister lay, but only in time to hear her sigh out her last breath in praises to her redeemer. The light had vanished; the recluse considered it as the sign of Heaven's forgiveness to her sister, and learned thenceforward to be more indulgent to human frailty."

Note XXIV. p. 28.

Thou too Dunluce proud throne of feuda : take.

The castle of Dunluce is the most striking ruin on the coast of Antrim, perhaps in Ireland. It is situated on a rock nearly insulated, and perforated by a cavern re-echoing to the noise of the waves. Its dark basaltic walls, marked with the mellow tints of time, in some places form a perpendicular line with the mural rock on which it is built, and in others, seem to project or to stand without a foundation, by reason of the rock's decay. Its commanding situation, and its numerous gables and turrets, resembling the ruins of a village destroyed by fire, excite a high idea of its former magnificence, and a feeling of regret for its lost splendour. It is joined to the main land beneath, by an isthmus of rock, and above by a narrow arch like a wall; to which it appears that there was formerly another wall of similar structure, running parallel, and that when the two walls were connected by boards, a passage was formed of sufficient width for the accommodation of a garrison. A room in the castle is said to be the favourite abode of Mave Roe, probably a Bansheigh, or some other fictitious personage, who sweeps it every night. But the sweeping winds which issue through it, will account for the cleanness of the room, without the aid of supernatural agency.

The name of the founder of this castle is lost in the stream of time. De Courcy is said to have pursued his conquests in Ulster, as far as Dunluce, and, as he was the builder of numerous castles, it is not improbable that he laid the first foundation of this edifice, and that it was afterwards enlarged and

improved by the Mac Quillans, and Mac Donnells. Cox says it was taken from the English by Daniel Mac William (Mac Quillan)Anno 1513, and it was held by him, or his posterity, till it fell into the possession of the Mac Donnells. In 1584 it was besieged, and taken by Sir John Perrot.

"In the mean time himself, with the rest of his force, besieged the strong Castle of Dunluce. Here was at this time a strong ward commanded by a Scottish Captaine, who being summoned to deliver vp the Castle to the Queene, resolutely denied, protesting to defend it to the last man, whereupon the Deputy, hoping the terrour of the cannon might dismay the Ward (for other hope bee had not to win so strong a place) drew his forces nearer, and planted his Artillery (being two Culuerings, and two Sakers) for battery. This Ordnance was brought by Sea from Dublin to Skerreys, Portrushe, and thence being two miles, was drawne by mens hands (through want of other meanes) to this place. The Ward of the Castle played thick with their small shot, upon the Souldiers, that made the approach; much to the discouragement of the workemen, and impeachment of the worke, being within Musket shot. The deputy seeing the souldiers shrinke, commanded some of his own servants to supply the places of them that were fearfull, to fill the Gabions; and make good the ground, himself encouraging both them, and the rest, by giving not only his presence, but his hand to the worke, by which means the Ordnance was planted, and the blinders set up, the Canoniere beginning to play, which at first did little annoy the Castle, or the Ward therein, but within a little time the Pile began to shake through continuance, and the discharging at once of the Artillery. Then the courages of the Ward (unused to the defence of such places) began to quaile, insomuch as the next morning, a parly is demanded, and conditions propounded; leave to depart with bagge and baggage, is by the Deputy granted, as well to take time while the feare lasted, to prevent such resolution, as despaire, and a better consideration of the strength of the place might yeeld them, as to save the charge of re-edifying the castle, which he intended to keepe for the Queene, being a place of no small importance."

Government of Ireland, under Sir John Perrot.

Note XXV. p. 30.

While bleak December hears the morner blithe, In new born meadows whet the shining scythe.

The agricultural world is much indebted to Dr. Richardson, Rector of Clonfeckle, for the celebrity which he has given to Fiorin grass, Agrostis Stolonifera. This grass is found in every climate; it is more capable of resisting the injuries of the weather than any other grass, and has been found eminently useful in reclaiming bogs. In quality and quantity of produce it has no rival. An Irish acre will produce from 8 to 9 tons. "The richness and flavour of the milk from cows fed upon Fiorin hay are very remarkable, the result of the abundance of saccharine matter with which this vegetable is loaded. The quantity too is much increased by the superior succulence of Fiorin hay, as it can be used in a greener stage than any other hay; and if left uncut, Fiorin affords excellent green food through the whole winter, I cut the last of mine this year on 18th April."

Extract of a letter from Dr. Richardsen to Fred. de Conynck, Esq. Copenhagen, June 10, 1811.

Note XXVI. p. 32,
.....The light of song diffuse
Παιατ δι λαμπτι ςοτοιστα τι γιευς ομαυλος.

Soph. Œdip. Tyr. l. 187.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK FIRST.

NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

Note I. p. 35.

Fair land of Zephyrs, Jc.

THE PARTY OF PERSONS ASSESSED. Atque uno verbo dicam, sive Iernes focunditatem, sive maris et portuum opportunitatem, sive incolas respicias qui bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lineamentis conspicui, mirifica carnis mollitie, et propter musculorum teneritatem, agilitate incredibili, a multis dotibus ita felix est insula, ut non male dixerit Gyraldus, Naturam hoc Zephyri regnum benigniori oculo respexisse...Cambden.

Note II. p. 36.

Come climb, with me, the cliff-crowned hill of caves.

The Cave-hill stands at the distance of three miles from Belfast, and is so called from some caves in the face of its cliffs, It has not yet been decided whether these caves are natural or artificial. Many incline to the latter opinion, though they exhibit no traces of the chisel. Tradition says they were formerly the residence of the renowned Cuchullin ; on Mac Art's fort the remains of a mound and fosse; and a little beyond it, one of those cairns so frequent on our mountains, are still visible. The Cave hill is nearly 1200 feet high. It rests on a limestone base, overtopped by basaltic precipices, on the face of which, to the North of the caves, may be seen a fine whin dyke composed of horizontal prisms, and cutting the mountain vertically

from top to bottom. There are numerous little conical hills at the base of the precipice which give a pleasing variety to the scene, and remind the observer of the description given by travellers, of volcanic hillocks. The fossils found here are basale in many varieties, limestone, white and yellow calcareous spar, beautiful crystals of zeolite, and vermilion-coloured ochre. The beauty and variety of the prospect from the summit will repay the fatigue of the ascent. To the South may be seen the town and shipping of Belfast, the long bridge consisting of 21 arches, and resembling a Roman aqueduct, the valley of the Lagan running up to Lisburn, and Hillsborough; and, in the distance, Sliabh Croob, and the mountains of Mourne lifting their blue conical summits to the clouds. The eye, turning thence in an Easterly direction, will pass over the wellcultivated fields of Downshire, the hill of Scrabo, Newton lough, the Isle of Man, and the shores of Galloway and Ayrshire. To the S. W. stand the black mountain of Devis, and the broad expanse of Lough Neagh, while Sleimis, Collin, and Agnew's hill form the boundary of the Northern prospect. The Lagan studded with numerous vessels, pours its broad navigable tide immediately beneath, washing the shores of a country whose natural beauties art has improved. From Lisburn to Carrickfergus the road presents a continued succession of villas and hamlets, a scene gratifying at once to the eye of taste and the feelings of the Philanthropist.

Note III. p. 36.

By Old-fleet tower and Inver's hallowed grove; Or where high Salagh's ridge o'erlooks the wale Whose numerous bean fields seent the fragrant gale.

Inver, or Inbher, a general term for the mouth of a stream, is the name given to that part of Larne which stands on the South side of the river. It formerly contained a monastery of Cistersian friars.

Larne is a neat village about eight miles distant from Carrickfergus, situated at the bottom of a fruitful glen, and distinguished for the politeness, good sense, and hospitality of its inhabitants. As you approach it, the bay is seen penetrating through a narrow rocky entrance, and expanding into a large

basin, washing the shores of Island Magee, and sweeping round the limestone quarries of Magheramourne, and the village of Glynn. The Peninsula of the Curran, which, like the Sicilian Drepanon, derives its name from its similarity to a reaping hook, projects into the centre of the basin, and with the mouldering ruins of Oldersleet castle, situated near its extremity, gives an interesting effect to the view. Vessels of 400 or 500 tuns burthen may ride with safety in the bay. It is the only place where vessels, sailing between the estuaries of Foyle and Carrickfergus, can find a shelter from the Northern storms.

About 3 miles from Larne, to the right of the road leading to Glenarm, stands the bold promontory of Ballygelly, faced with enormous basaltic pillars. These pillars have a small inclination to the land, they are covered in some places with grey lichens, and in others they are black as jet, well-defined and articulated. Some of the junts are 7 or 8 feet long, and from 6 to 8 in diameter, generally pentagonal, sunk down, or truncated, and forming a Giant's Causeway, contracted indeed in the whole, but stupendous in the parts—a small edifice of gigantic materials.

Under the West side of the Promontory, are the ruins of a castle situated on a rock, which gives a name to the parish of Cairn-castle. This rock which is insulated at high water, was chosen, according to tradition, by a chieftain as a place of security for his daughter, against the attempts of her lover. His precautions however were vain, for the lover approached the prison of his fair mistress, with more prudence than the youth of Abydos, and bore her away in a vessel.

The Salagh braes, running North and South, and forming the segment of a large circle, are the western boundary of the parish of Cairn-castle.

Note IV. p. 37.

Or where Glenarm extends its pebbly shores.

Glenarm is a small village beautifully situated in a glen, forming with its limestone shores, the azure sea, its castle, its groves, and the diversified outline of its hills, a picture equally novel and romantic. The castle, the family seat of the Antrim family, is now occupied by Sir H. Vane. Lord Bisset, who was

banished from Scotland, for the murder of the Earl of Athol, was settled here by favour of Henry III. Under Edward II. his estates were forfeited for rebellion, and invaded by Mac Donnell of Cantire, who claimed alliance with the Bissets. Here Bisset founded a monastery, the remains of which are yet to be seen. It is said that the most extensive Deer-park, and the best venison in Ireland, are in the valley of Glenarm. The little Deer-park is entitled to the attention of the admirer of nature. Huge masses of limestone fantastically grouped, the shores of the same substance severed into tremendous chasms, and wrought into caverns by the surge, the whole overtopped by a perpendicular range of basak, resembling the walls of a fortified city, form the prominent features of this interesting scene.

Note . p. 57.

Or Garrons bastion cliffs the waves repely Or fair Glenariff winds her wizard dell.

To the West of Glenarm stand the villages of Straitcalye, Glenclye, Carnalloch, and the villa of Knappan embosomed in trees. Still farther along the coast, is the site of Dunnall, a fortress where, tradition says, "all the rent of Ireland was once paid," probably the tribute of the Scotch Dalaradians. The only memorials of it left are a mound, and fosse, and the fragment of a wall. Garron i. e. the sharp point from Geer sharp, and rinn, a point, consists of three promontories, projecting in the form of bastions, and opposing their salient angles to the sea; an admirable contrivance of nature to resist the violence of the waves,

On descending from Garron you wind along the shores of Red bay, at the base of Craig Murphy, and Sliabh Barraghad. Glenariff, or according to the Irish Orthography Glenn aircamh, the valley of numbers, or aircachaibh of chiefs, opens full on the view, with its waterfalls dashing from the hills, and presenting a vast debris of rocks, scattered in many a grotesque form. One rock in particular, called Glogh i stookin, of chalky whiteness, has a striking similitude to a female figure of gigantic stature. In the days of Pagansuspersition, it might have been regarded

as the guardian idol of the shores. An enthusiast might mistake it for Lot's wife transformed to salt.

.....at simul illuc

In fragilem mutata salem, stetit ipsa sepulchrum, Ipsaque imago sibi formam, sine corpore servans, Durat adhuc, etenim nuda statione sub æthram, Nec pluviis dilapsa situ, nec diruta ventis.

Tertulliani Opera.

A second Erostratus is said to have attempted to blow it up, but was happily prevented.....On the opposite side of the bay, stands a ruined castle on a rock of pudding stone, excavated into a cavern beneath. This cavern consists of three chambers which were formerly occupied as school rooms, though the path down to them is exceedingly precipitous, and a false step might be attended with awful consequences.

When the traveller finds himself in the vale of Glenariff, he may conceive that he is in the country of the genuine Oisin. The names of several of the surrounding objects still retain the names of some of the contemporaries of the renowned Bard. The village of Cushendall, cois-an-da-ealladh, i. e. the river-foot of the two swans, is also said to derive its name from one Dallas, a predatory Scot who fell by the hand of Oisin, and "whose tomb many of the natives recollect to have seen on the coast." The beautiful and majestic hill of Luirg-Eadan exhibits the remains of a triple fosse and fortification known by the name of Fort Clanna Mourne. Fin Mac Cumhal and Oisin, with his clan na Boiskine, are said to have had their residence here for some time.

See an account of Cushendall, in the Belfast Magazine for August 1809.

Note VI. p. 37.

Or Torr's bleak rocks Titanian limbs oerspread,

Or cloudy Benmore lifts his giant head,

Or where Kenban his chalky brow uprears.

Torr is a sharp promontory, about five miles distant from Cushendun, on the shores of Cushleak. The ruins of Dunavarre, an old fort said to be the work of Gismts, may be seen near the point of the promontory, and at some distance above it, Sleacht na Barragh, their grave. The rock here has some appearance of stratification, with vertical features. It is composed of transition lime-stone, containing veins of quartz, and chlorite.

"Torr is a hill, or tower (whence the Latin turris) Many places in Greece had it in their composition, such as Torone, Torete, Toreate: also in Hetruria, Turchonium. Turson in Africa was a tower of the sun. It was sometimes expressed Tar; hence Tarcunia, Taracena, Tarracon in Spain; Tarne (Tarrain) which gave name to a fountain in Lydia. Taron (Tar-on) in Mauritania."

The tower situated on Tor point, as well as that of Turson in Africa, may have been sacred to the sun; for that luminary, as might be shown from a variety of proofs, was formerly the object of general worship in Ireland. Greine the Irish of sun, is supposed by some of our antiquaries to have suggested the Latin epithet of Apollo Grynzus; "in Greek Kesnuss, from Keren a horn, the emblem of power, and a title of sovereignty"....Bryant, vol. 1, p. 56.

West of Tor stands the bold and majestic promontory of Benmore, commonly, but improperly, known by the name of Fairhead, the Robogdium of Ptolemy. Hamilton describes it justly, as characterized by a wild and savage sublimity. None of the numerous precipices on the coast, indeed, can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, according to a measurement made in the summer of 1810, 283 feet high, and resting on a base which makes the whole altitude 631 feet. One of the columns, is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet, by 36 on the sides, and about 200 feet perpendicular. Compared to this, what is Pompey's pillar, or the celebrated column which stood before the temple of Venus Genetrix at Rome, or the pedestal of Peter the Great's statue, at Petersburg. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupenduous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which, the proudest

monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God. He who does not feel impressions of the sublime on Benmore, must be incapable of feeling them in any situation.

The enormous pillars of this promontory are separable into smaller columns, the line of whose contact is very perceptible in some of the fallen joints.

The above measurement was made by that distinguished philosopher, professor Playfair.

The grey man's path is a fissure in the face of the precipice, by which a path winds down to the shore. A huge pillar has fallen across the top of the fissure, but it is immoveably fixed, and may be passed under without any apprehension.

Under the western side of Fairhead lie the coal mines. Mr. Hamilton says, that about twelve years prior to the publication of his letters, " the workmen, in pushing forward a new adit towards the coal, unexpectedly found a complete gallery, which had been driven forward many hundred yards; that it branched into various chambers, and that the remains of the tools, and even of the baskets used in the works were discovered." He supposed that this mine had been wrought in times of very remote antiquity, prior to the English and Danish invasions; but though he has supported this opinion with great ingenuity, it may be concluded from later investigation, that he was under an error; and that the mines had been wrought by Mr. MacIlldowny, about eighty years prior to the discovery-a length of time amply sufficient to form the stalactitical pillars and sparry incrustations which supplied an argument for the hypothesis. Moss and sprigs of myrtle are found at great depth in contact with the coal.

Kenbann, i. e. the white or fair head, a name improperly transferred to Benmore, is a picturesque rock of limestone, topped with the ruins of a castle, about two miles westward of Ballycastle. Lime is found here both above and below the basalt—fragments of basalt are also found imbedded in the lime. Between this and Carrick-a-Rede there is a remarkable fissure, in the rock, called the Bulye, formed according to the simple philosophy of the natives, by a stroke of Cuchullin's gigantic sabre.

Note VII. p. 37.

Or that dread bridge by hempen fetters bound, . . From steep to steep at Reda's gulf profound.

The basaltic rock of Carrick-2-Rede, derives its name, according to Hamilton, from Caraig-a-Ramhad, the rock in the read; because it intercepts the passage of the salmon along the coast. But the same derivation would apply equally to Torr and Kenbann. It may, perhaps, be better derived from Caraig-a-Drochthead, the rock of the bridge. This bridge, which is annually taken down, and replaced by the fishermen to effect a communication with the rock, for the purposes of fishing, is formed of ropes fastened to rings mortised in the rock, carried parallel across the chasm, and connected by boards. The chasm is 60 feet wide, and 84 deep. This light and airy contrivance, as it undulates beneath the tread, and swings to the breeze, presents an appearance of danger which cannot be seen without apprehension. Yet women and boys walk along it in perfect security, though bending beneath a burden of salmon or dulish. Dreadful accidents, however, have sometimes happened. A man on the centre of this bridge, and seen from a distance, by a spectator on the water, has a very aerial and romantic appearance. He might be mistaken for the genius of the rocks.

The most remarkable places on the coast, west of Carrick-a-Rede, occur in the following order:

Lirrybann...limestone cliffs...stalactitical caves.

The village of Ballintoy—a vein of coal similar in appearance to burned wood, the surturbrand of Iceland, has been wrought near this, but not found very productive.

Mount Druid...Port Campley...Templastragh, or the flaming church...Dunseveric, i. e. Dun Shambraic, Clover fort... eastle ruins, on an isolated rock.

Port Bradau, Salmon-harbour.

P. na Brock, Badger-harbour.

P. na Gerragh, i. e. ccaorach, Sheep-harbour.

P. Hestell, i. e. na stall, stallion-harbour.

P. Heogh, i. e. n'eich, Horse-harbour.

P. na Gavan, i. e. Gamham, Calf-harbour.

Benin Dannan, i. e. the mountain of Danan SorceryP. Fad, Long-harbour.

P. Moon, perhaps Mumhan, Munster-harbour. But why? better Mahone, a word of rather indelicate meaning. A rude people seek only for expressive names, without much regard to delicacy. Several waterfalls in the county of Antrim are known to the natives by a strange appellation, which may be rendered in Latin by equa mingens. The names of the caves in the cliffs of Lirrybann will not bear even a translation.

P. Logineen.

Bengore, i. e. Beann Gabhair—Goat Promontory, very magnificent, presenting a broad convexity to the sea, and forming a striking contrast to the semicircular bays.

P. na Trughen, Lamentation-harbour.

Ben ban na farage, the white cliff of the sea.

Pleaskin, probably from Plaisg-cinn, elastic or dry-head, on account of its great height.

This is the most striking of all the semicircular precipices in this range of coast. In the sixteen different strata of which it is composed, beauty and sublimity are wonderfully blended and harmonized. Over a dark and rugged base, fringed with incessant foam, it lifts its sides adorned with various tints of green, grey lichens, and vermilion rock, with a rapid acclivi-· vity, to about half its elevation, and thence becomes perpendicular to the summit. On a stratum of red ochre, at the elevation of 200 feet, stands a magnificent gallery of basaltic columns, 44 feet high. A bed of irregularly prismatic basalt 54 feet in thickness succeeds, and forms the basis of a second colonnade of longer, and more massy columns than the former. Another thin stratum of basalt, crowned with a light covering of green, and canopied by the cerulean ether, forms the summit, at the altitude of nearly 400 feet from the sea. This theatre of nature, composed of so many various strata harmoniously arranged, rock upon rock, and gallery on gallery, so magnificent, so solitary, facing the wide Atlantic as if formed for the temple of "spirits from the vasty deep,"

impresses the mind with admiration and awe, and shows us how nature surpasses art in the symmetry of her plans, as much as in the magnitude of her materials.

P. na Brock, i. e. Badger-harbour.

P. na Tober, i. e. Harbour of the well.

P. na Calve; i. e. Old woman's-harbour.

P. na Spania, i. e. Spanish harbour, so named from a vessel of the "Invincible Armada," lost here—a stupendous precipice, almost equal to Pleaskin.

P. Madadh ruadh, Fox's Port.

Chimney tops—two insulated pillars standing before the promontory, and so named from their similarity to chimnies.

Recostin—Roveren Valley, probably a corruption of rime, ben, balla, the point of the walled promontory, and so called from the remarkable whin dyke which cuts the face of the cliff. It is shaped exactly like a barbed arrow head. West of this cliff, is a large rock in the sea, which has lately received the name of the lion rock, on account of its striking similitude to that animal, when seen from a certain position.

Port Noffer, so pronounced, according to Hamilton, for Port na bfathach, the Giant's Port. It seems, however, to be more fairly derived from Port na fhir, i. e. the Port of the man, viz. Fin Mac Cumhal. The Giant's Causeway lies here.

P. na Ganye, Sandy Port—the stooken rock and sea-guil isle.

P. na Baw, Cow-port.

P. Coon, the Port of the ocean, famous for its Cave.

Skirra-kruben, Dunkerry Cave, accessible only by water...

--Dunaloghlin, said to be the last place occupied by the Danes in Ireland; Bush-foot.

P. Ballintrea...Seaport...Dunluce...the White Rocks...Port-Rush.

Note VIII. p. 38.

Where gay Morgana and her fairy train, Sport with the senses of the wondering swain.

An appearance very similar to that extraordinary phe-

nomenon, known by the name of the Fata Morgana, in the Straits of Reggio, between the isle of Sicily and the coast of Calabria, has been seen several times, near the Bush-foot strand, and between Rathlin and the continent. In one instance, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, the commander of a corps of Yeomen, being at some distance from the shore, with a party in his pleasure boat, distinctly saw a body of armed men going through their exercise, on the beach, and so complete was the deception, that he supposed it had been a field day which he had forgotten. A woman also, near Tor point, at a time when an alarm of French invasion prevailed, very early on a summer's morning, saw a numerous fleet of French vessels advancing in full sail up the channel. She withdrew in amazement, to call her friends to witness the spectacle, but on her return, the whole had vanished.

The channel between Rathlin and the main land, and also between the Skirry rocks and the Bush-foot, and Portrush strand, has probably a strong resemblance to the clannel of Reggio, particularly in the indenting of its shores, the velocity of its tides, and the vortices produced by countercurrents. Indeed all the circumstances mentioned in Minasi's annexed description and theory of the phenomenon, as seen on the coast of Calabria, may on certain occasions be so combined, as to produce a similar appearance on the shores of Antrim.

"The water in the Straits of Reggio is constantly agitated, and thrown into ridges and whirlings, by the violence of the current, by the particular direction of certain winds, and by the irregular conformation of the coast. At times, it likewise happens, that a very dense vapour is accumulated over the waters of the channel. When, the rising sun shines from that point whence its incident rays form an angle of 45° on the sea of Reggio, and the bright surface of the water is not disturbed either by the wind or the currents, the spectator being placed on an eminence of the city, with his back to the sun, and his face to the sea, on a sudden, there appears on the water, as in a catoptric theatre, various multiplied objects, viz. numberless series of pilasters,

arches, carries well defineated, regular columns, lofty towers, superir palaces, with balcouses and windows, extended affeys of trees, delightful plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and intriciack, and many other strange figures, in their satural colours and proper action, passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea, during the whole of the short period of time, while the above-means and causes remain."

"Bot if in addition to the circumstances before described, the atmosphere be highly impregnated with vapours, and dense exhalations not previously dispersed by the action of the wind or waves, or rarefied by the sun, it then happens, that in this vapour, as in a curtain extended along the channel, to the height of about 24 or 25 feet, and nearly down to the sea, the observer will behold the scene of the same objects not only reflected from the surface of the sea, but likewise in the zir, though not so distinct or well defined, as the former objects from the sea."

«Lastly, if the air be slightly hazy and opaque, and at the same time dewy, and adapted to form the iris, then the above-mentioned objects will appear only at the surface of the sea, as in the first case, but all vividly coloured or fringed with red, green, blue and other prismatic colours."

"These appearances induced the author to distinguish the phenomena into three species, viz. the marine, the aerial, and the prismatic morgana."

"Minasi supposes the objects seen in the Fata Morgana are the representations of the objects on the coast. He accounts for the appearance by the supposed inclination of the surface of the sea, and its subdivisions into different plains, by the contrary eddies. He explains the Aerial Morgana, by referring it to the reflective, and refractive powers of effluvia suspended in the air." D. Rees' new Cyclopædia.

Note IX. p. 41.

What clouds of smoke in azure curls aspire?

The practice of burning sea-weed for the purpose of making kelp, or mineral alkali, an article of great use in agriculture, bleaching, soap-boiling, and the manufacture of glass, is frequent every where along the coast. The fuci which formerly

lay neglected, and which are not even mentioned in any lease drawn fifty years ago, produce a most luxuriant annual harvest, so that Homer's epithet @TEUYSTOSO unfruitful, is no longer applicable to the ocean.

The Nereids, as well as the Dryads, can boast of their leafy bowers. Immense forests of marine plants, trees let us call them, may be seen in a clear day, waving their flexile leaves and branches in the current, over their native rocks, and presenting almost as great a variety of colours as the forests of the mountain. The leaves of the sea-weed noticed in the straits of Le Maire and named by Mr. Banks and Dr. Sclander, the fucus giganteus, measured four feet in length, and some of the stalks, though not thicker than a man's thumb, one hundred and twenty.

The kelp produced from its sea-weed furnishes Rathlin with the means of paying nearly its whole rent; and it is said that the rents of one highland chief, the Clanronald, have risen £2000 per annum, by the kelp stones of two islands. In some places of the Ards, on the Downshire coast, the people begin to cultivate it regularly by laying stones in ridges on the sandy beach, to attract the plants, and furnish them with a proper soil.

An excavation made in the ground in the form of a grave, but not so deep, and surrounded with stones, forms the kiln in which the weed, which has been previously cut from the rock, and dried in the sun, is gradually burned. During the operation, the vegetable salt melts and accumulates at the bottom. In fine calm weather, when many kilns are at work they send forth such clouds of smoke, as overshadow almost the whole coast. When a fire is kept up during the night, as is sometimes the case, it presents the spectator with a very novel picture, a lively image of a nocturnal sacrifice, or the infernal cauldron of Macbeth's witches.

Note X. p. 41.

Of manners simple, and of heart sincere.

When a stranger arrives at the Giant's Causeway he is immediately surrounded by a host of guides offering their services. To repel the oppressive attentions of these courteous Sans culottes, is by no means an easy task, for when brushed off they return like horse flies to the attack. The best mode is for the stranger to attach himself to one, who, for a moderate fee, will show and describe every thing curious.

The guides do not exhibit the character of the Irish peasantry in the most favourable light. They are envious, litigious, and corrupted by idleness, and their dependence on the precarious bounty of strangers. In the peasantry of the low glens we behold a very different race, open, obliging, communicative without hope of reward, acquainted with the traditionary history of their country, and retaining the native language and characteristic inquisitiveness of the Irish.

The address with which a peasant puts his questions to discover from a stranger his country, profession, circumstances, in short, his whole history, and the perseverance with which he resumes his inquiries, when baffled by an evasive answer, are surprising. Gain his confidence, and it is easily gained by a little familiar conversation, and he will unboson his whole soul to you, press you to accept all the little kindnesses he can bestow, and take a pride in incuring you (the Irish peasant is never at a loss for an expression) into the subject of any of your inquiries.

The inhabitants of the rest of the coast are chiefly of recent Scotch origin, and have less suppleness, simplicity, and courtesy, but more solidity, industry, and domestic comforts, united to a high spirit of Presbyterian independence. They are, in general, ignorant of the history and traditions of the soil they inhabit, but versed in the more important knowledge of holy writ. "On the whole," to adopt the language of Hamilton, "the middling and lower ranks of people in this quarater of the kingdom, are a valuable part of the community; but one must estimate their worth, as a miner does his ore, rather by its weight than its splendour."

Fishing, kelp-burning, and the manufacture of linen, give employment to many hands. Several cotton-factories have been lately erected, and the modern improvements in agriculture are making rapid progress. The example of Malcom MacNeil, esq. of Larne, as an extensive and successful agriculturist on the most improved plan, and as one who

has been instrumental in introducing the best breed of black cattle in the province, deserves to be imitated and recorded.

Note XI. p. 42.

High on you cliff the fisher takes his stand.

At the mouth of almost every river and streamlet, there is a salmon fishery. The mode of fishing is somewhat singular, and has a very picturesque effect. The course of the salmon along the coast in quest of the streams which they annually ascend to deposite their spawn, is well known to the fishers, one of whom is stationed, at a convenient distance from the shore, in his boat, with his net spread; another stands on the summit of the adjoining rock, with his eye steadily fixed on the water, to mark the salmon's approach. The instant a shoal appears, he flings a shower of stones into the water, to terrify them from their direct course, while the boatman, with all expedition, surrounds them with his net.

The salmon affords a good exemplification of the wonderfully prolific nature of fish, though by no means equal to some others of the aquatic tribes. 11000 peas have been found in one. The peas, as has been ascertained by the experiments of a gentleman who kept some of them in a glass of water which he changed regularly every day, swell up, and burst, and present the appearance of small tadpoles, their form is then gradually unfolded into that of perfect fish. In this state they suffer great persecution, not only from their enemies in the water, but from thousands of gulls which mark their egress from the river to the ocean. The growth of those which escape is very rapid. They go down in March or April, attended by the parent fishes, as guides and protectors, and in two months return grawls of six or seven lbs. weight. It has been observed that they return uniformly from the east. Most of the fish taken in their passage up the rivers are females, but in October and November, when casting their spawn, they are always found in pairs; never in deep or still water, but in streams that run over a hard gravelly bottom. During the deposition of the spawn, for which they make an excavation with their snouts,

six or eight inches deep, the male is seen moving round the female, to protect the peas from little fishes, and impregnate them with his milt. It is a general opinion that the same fishes, or their progeny, return to the place which they left the preceding year. More than one pair are never observed on the same ford. The salmon taken in the Bann, is thick, short, and round, while that of the Bush, by its length and smallness, is fitted for swimming in shallow streams.

The best fisheries are at the cuts in the Bush, and the Bann, above Colerain. A cut consists of two parallel walls, built in the current of the river, connected at the upper end by a line of stakes close enough to prevent the escape of a salmon: two rows of similar stakes, one from the lower extremity of each wall, project down the stream in an angular direction, and approach so close as to leave only one passage at the apex of the angle, wide enough for the admission of a single fish. Thus, a complete trap is formed; and when the fish enters, as he constantly opposes his head to the current, there is no egress.

——Facilis decensus Averni.
The gate of hell lics open night and day,
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

It is curious, though painful to a spectator of humanify, to see the attempts of the poor captive to leap through the upper barrier of stakes, and rise over the white torrent which is constantly foaming through the intervening spaces. (I speak of the cutts at the falls of Colerain.) Baffled at length by his unavailing exertions, he leaves his place for a new comer, and retires to the lower part of the cut, where he remains till he is taken up by the fisher's net. 500 salmons have been caught in one of these traps in the course of a day.

When the salmon, in making the leap, is out of the water, his fins, and his whole torm, appear expanded at full length, and his dorsal fin is vertical to the plane of the horizon; from which circumstances I should suppose that the force of his spring does not depend altogether, as is commonly supposed, on the muscular strength of his tail. But according to Drayton, when he is about to leap, he takes his tail in his mouth.

..... When the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find. Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind; As he towards season grows, and stems the wat'ry tract Where Tivy falling down, makes a high cataract, Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose, Altho' within her bounds they meant her to enclose; Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive, And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive; His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow That to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw, Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand, That bended end to end, and startled from man's hand Far of itself doth cast, so does the Salmon vault, And if at first he fail, his second summersault* He instantly assays, and from his nimble ring, Still yerking never leaves until himself he fling Above the opposing stream."-

The fisheries, it is said, are not so profitable now as formerly, owing to various causes. They are carried on too long. No fish can ascend the rivers before the twelfth of August. The early breeders are destroyed, and many are taken in the act of spawning, by poachers, who use lights made of the resinous fir, found in bogs, not, as many believe, to attract the fish to the glare, but to discover them at the bottom of the water.

About 2500 fish are caught annually in the Bush, and exported, with the product of some other fisheries, to Liverpool. All the fisheries from Larne to Colerain are the property of the Antrim family. That of the Bush is rented at £300.

Summersault, or summerset from soubresault Fr. A high leap in which the heels are thrown over the head. Johnson's Dict. To throw a Summerset, is a phrase common with tumblers.

Note XII. p. 43.

What different instinct bids the silvery eel, In countless train up Banna's torrents wheel?

Agreeably to a wonderful provision of nature, the eel and salmon are led by opposite instincts to migrate, and make room for each other at their particular seasons. In the months of May, June, and even July, the eel fry, just burst into life, may be seen in myriads ascending the Bann. The falls of Colerain are no obstacle to their progress. They wind their silent march among the fissures of the rock, or the twistings of straw ropes, which the fishermen sometimes let down to assist them. Guided by irresistible instinct they pursue their way near the banks of the river, to gain the assistance of counter currents, till at length they arrive at Lough Beg, and the more spacious waters of Lough Neagh. Here their growth is extremely rapid. In the short space of a few months they are at their full size, three or four feet in length, supple and strong, and fitted for contending with the tides of ocean, when again, in obedience to the great law of Nature, they forsake the lake, and hasten towards their parent deep. But of the many thousands which commence this perilous journey, a very inconsiderable number escapes the snares of the fisher. At the wiers of Toome, Port-na, and Mavanagher, they are captured day and night, but chiefly at midnight, in the time of floods and storms, and the dark of the moon.

The apparatus for the eel-fishery consists of a skey, and a net called a cockle. To form the skey, large stones are put into a wicker frame, and sunk in the river. An islet is thus formed large enough to contain a cabin for the accommodation of the fishers. A row of such islets, at proper distances, is constructed across the current, and two lines of stakes, one from each of the contiguous islets, project about 30 or 40 feet down the stream, converging, and forming the legs of an acute isosceles triangle. The net, which is about 8 or 10 yards long, shaped like a triangular bag, and composed of meshes gradually diminishing towards the bottom, where it draws together like the

mouth of a purse, is fastened to the vertex of the skey. The passage of the eels being interrupted by the stakes, they have no apparent egress but by the very place where the nets are hung, and whither they are hurried by the confined, and consequently accelerated impetuosity of the current.

Young eels have been observed in a small stream at the collieries of Ballycaste, making their way up the face of a fall, 30 feet high, and actually leaving behind all the obstacles of so precipitous a journey.

It seems to be a matter of doubt whether the eel fry return full grown eels the same season. Some conceive that such a growth is too rapid to be admitted as fact. But they who maintain the opposite opinion, defend it by urging that the fisheries are always good, or bad, in proportion to the number of fry seen ascending. The growth of many of the feathered tribes is equally rapid.

Note XIII. p. 43.

In whose clear waves the prickly holly thrown, Its nature loses, and transmutes to stone.

The supposed petrifying quality of Lough Neagh has long been a matter of notoriety. Nennius, a writer of the ninth century, says, that when a piece of wood is fashioned, and thrown into the lake, it becomes stone, in the course of a year. It appears too, from some latin verses quoted in Barton's lectures on Lough Neagh, that it was believed if a stake were fixed in the lake, and left there for seven years, the part under ground would be converted into iron, that which was covered by the water would become stone, while the part which remained in the open air would undergo no alteration.

Mr. Fra. Nevil in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions, about a century ago, affirms that there is no petrifying quality in the lake. He founds his opinion on his own observations, and the experiments of Mr. Brownlow on some holly stakes which he left in the water for a number of years, without finding the expected change. Mr. Lhwyd says "he could make nothing of the petrifying quality of Lough Neagh," and most of his successors, I believe, in the same path of inquiry, must make the same acknowledgment. Some suppose the petrifying quality to reside in the soil; and pearods, it is said, have had their ends petrified; but can any one furnish a specimen with incontestible proof, that it has undergone the change in any given portion of time?

The greatest number of petrifactions on the globe are substitutions of lime for the organic matter of the plant or animal, but, in this case, the wood appears changed into flint; and as in the instance of calcareous petrifactions, the waters which produce the effect are loaded with lime; so we should expect in this instance to find the waters impregnated with flinty earth. But in several trials which have been made, by different persons, no silicious earth has been detected. Two of the rivers which flow into the lake, where the petrifactions are most numerous, viz. Glenavy and Crumlin, have also been examined with the same result.

It may fairly be questioned, then, whether the process by which the wood has been petrified be now in action. The change may have happened in some distant age under circumstances which no longer exist. The warm springs of Iceland are now daily depositing silicious incrustations, but should they lose their heat they would probably cease to be impregnated with flint, and future travellers might seek in vain for the cause of the flinty deposition.

Some have supposed the petrifactions of Lough Neagh to be Lapides sui generis, but that they have once been wood is scarcely to be doubted. They have all the external characters of wood, the fibre, the annual rings, and even the pith distinctly marked by a difference of colour and texture. Besides the ligneous matter is found in considerable quantity with the stone, and is seldom if ever totally obliterated, as has been proved by chemical analysis. Barton mentions a specimen found in Crumlin river which weighed 700 pounds. He stiles it $\Lambda AA \Sigma ANAI\Delta H \Sigma$, and describes it as extremely hard externally, striking fire with steel, but internally of wood. Petrifactions are found many miles from the Lake. Calcareous petrifactions of hazel nuts are dug up from some feet below the surface of the beach at Carrickfergus.

The other stones found on the borders of Lough Neagh which have attracted attention, are Rock crystals and calcedony. The former are found in small quantity, and seem to have been transported by torrents from mountains on the S.W. of the lake where there are primitive strata. The Calcedony has, probably, been washed from ruins, or strata of basalt, which form the greater part of all the solid strata, on the margin of the lake. Among the stones collected by Barton, he mentions a Mocoa which weighed 1 pound, a Carnelian of a pound, and a mass of crystal 2 pounds 2 oz. A crystal has been found at Ballycastle weighing 30 pounds, but none equal to the celebrated Dungiven crystal which weighs, it is said, 70 pounds.

Note XIV. p. 43

Or o'er the whirling surge the feather spread, To tempt the Glashan from his comy bed.

The Glashan, coal fish, Gadus Carbonarius, is known on the coast of Antrim during she several stages of its growth by the names of Pickoc, Blockan, Glashan, and Greylord. When at full size they weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. There are considerble fisheries for them at Island Magee, Larne, and Glenarm; and they furnish a cheap, wholesome, and nutritious food.

Six or seven stout fishing boats may be seen leaving the shores of Larne, on a summer evening, and directing their course to the maidens, or Hulins, about which rocks are the places most favourable for fishing. At the ebb and flow of tide, two men row against the current, so that the boat continues nearly stationary, the impulse of the oars counteracting the force of the stream. The hook coarsely dressed with a goose feather is thrown on the water, and greedily caught by the fishes, which are often so numerous, that they literally cover the face of the deep, and may be taken by a pole armed with an iron hook. At Drainsbay, near Larne, in 1810, 456 fishes supposed to weigh upwards of five tons, were captured by a single boat, in one night.

In a fine evening the fishery presents a most amusing scene.

Flocks of sea-birds screaming as they fly in airy circles; the sun-beams dancing on the glassy swell;—the boatmen singing as they row, while the fishers are drawing in their prey;—the fishes playing innumerable, and seeming to take a pride in exposing their burnished scales, glittering like gems to the sun;—the distant hills of Ayrshire, Ailsa, Arran, Cantire, and the jutting promontories of the Antrim coast, ranged around in romantic beauty—all form a picture whose beauty and variety no quill can describe, nor pencil pourtray.

Note XV. p. 44.

Down to the wreck-strewn beach when storms arise The ruffian plunderer, led by Rapine hies.

The shores of my native country have never, I trust, been contaminated by the perpetration of the crime which is here made the subject of reprobation. On the contrary, its natives are always prompt in displaying their characteristic courage and generosity in assisting the shipwrecked mariner, and in preserving for its rightful owners whatever property can be rescued from the waves. In the disastrous winter of 1810 a vessel from Glasgow was driven on a rock near the Gobbins, and the people on shore showed the most friendly solicitude, and made the most vigorous exertion to save the crew and the cargo. The life of one man, whose name deserves to be recorded, Robt. Mac Calmont, fell a sacrifice to his active humanity. He left a wife and five children to deplore his loss. The laudable and politic liberality of the Belfast Insurance company has rewarded his merit in the persons of his family, and endeavoured to sooth their regret for their sad deprivation of a husband and a father.

Why do not magistrates, and country gentlemen, exert themselves to prevent an atrocity, which stamps the character of Barbarism on every shore where it is perpetrated, and which reflects a disgrace on every man, in the district, who does not lift an arm to oppose it?

Note XVI. p. 45.

The herring's march they follow from the pole.

In the months of May, June, and July, the herring pays its annual visits to the N.E. shores of Antrim, and Down.

Were the visits of these useful creatures certain and unvarying, they would furnish an inexhaustible source of wealth. But it is a well known fact in their history, that they will show a predilection for a shore some seasons, and afterwards desert it for many years together. The failure of the fisheries is attributed, by the author of the history of the county of Down, to several causes, as to the making of kelp, which practise, he thinks, robs the young fry of shelter and food; to the throwing of fish garbage into the sea; the havor made among them by voracious fish, and trail nets, whose meshes are too narrow to allow the fry to escape. The first and second causes are not satisfactory. Most of our shores are so bold that they are accessible only by water, and the wreck which is burned for kelp is only that which can be cut from the rocks at low tide; so that whatever shelter sea-weed may afford the finny tribes is, in a great measure, permanent. The garbage thrown into the sea is too trifling to produce the supposed effect, especially when we consider that much of it is devoured by other fish. The other causes may no doubt thin their numbers considerably.

The herring is seldom seen between lough Swilly, and the point of Tor, owing, probably, according to the ingenious conjecture of Mr. Templeton, to the strong influence of countertides. The tide of flood from the Northern Ocean, running to the east, is repelled at Rathlin and produces a counter-current to the west: and hence the flood tide appears to flow along part of the shores of Antrim, Derry, and Donegall nine hours, while the ebb lasts only three. The herring, to avoid contending with the eddy stream, is supposed to keep on its course in the great eastern tide. The fisheries seldom produce more than are necessary for immediate consumption.

Note XVII. p. 46.

See as they gambol o'er the hoavy brine, What porpoise shoals with long reflections shine.

The Porpoise, Delphinus Phocana, and the Grampus, Delphinus Orca, are frequently seen along the coast in pursuit of the herring and salmon. A shoal of porpoises is compared to a pack of hounds in full chase. Their gambols will remind the classical observer, of Ovid's description of the dolphin. Undique dant saltus, &c.

In wanton leaps they cleave the briny way,
And sport, and glitter in the dripping spray,
Now downward wheel, and upward now advance,
Curve their forked tails, and thrid the liquid dance;
Drink the salt waves, and then from nostrils wide,
In rainbow jets propel the hissing tide.

The author of the history of the county of Down observes that "more than 40 of these fish came up Carrickfergus bay, and were pursued into shallow water by a ship's crew, who fired at them, till they lodged them in the ooze above Whitehouse, when the tides retiring, they were all taken, and yielded great quantities of oil. A suit was commenced by the earl of Donegall for the royalty of these large fish, against the captors, which, at length, after a great expense, was carried in favour of the royalty."

The Grampus sometimes ventures so near the shore, that he is killed by the gunner. He is said to follow his prey even to the long bridge, but generally pays the price of his temerity with his life. A very large one was shot some years ago below Macedon point, and exhibited in Belfast.

The whale, perhaps the Balana mysticetus, has been sometimes cast on the shores of Antrim. The huge vertebrae of one may be seen at the castle of Glenarm. In the summer of 1807, a loud noise, like the rushing of waters, probably the spouting of a whale, was heard in the seas about Glenarm and Garron point. It caused so much terror among the fishermen, that for several nights, they would not venture to sea. A much more formidable enemy, the Shark, once followed a vessel into Carrickfergus bay, and bit a limb from a man who, on account of some misdemeanour, had been suspended in the water over the vessel's side.

Note XVIII. p. 50.

O like Cyrene's offspring let me go To view the wonders of the world below.

Simul alta jubet discedere late Flumina, qua juvenis gressus inferret, &c.

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 859.

NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

At once she waved her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt of empty sand.
Thus safe received, the downward track he treads
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.

DRYDEN.

Corry Vreckan, mentioned in the succeeding lines of the poem, is a dreadful vortex between the isles of Jura, and Scarva, scarcely less terrible than the famous whirlpool of Maelstrom, on the coast of Norway, and probably, produced by similar causes, the multiplied eddies of counter currents made by the rapid passage of the flood tide thro' a narrow rocky channel. It derives it name either from one Brechtan, a Danish prince who perished in its waves, or from two Gaelic words, signifying the "spotted cauldron." During the time of a spring tide, and a strong westerly wind, it is described as more terribly awful than Charybdis itself. The conflicting billows rise in foam to the clouds, and with a noise so tremendous that it may be heard at the distance of twenty miles. Tho' a skiff may pass it in safety at ebb water, the stoutest vessel in the British navy dares not encounter its rage. Should she attempt it she would be twirled round like a feather on the pool, and instantly absorbed.

Τη δ' επω τις νηυς φυγεν ανδρων, ητις ικηται,
"Αλλα 9' όμε πινακας τε νηῶν και σωματα φωτων
Κυμαθ' άλος φορεεσι, πυρος τ ολοοιο θυελλαι.
Odyss. XII. 1. 66.

Not the fleet bark when prosperous breezes play, Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way; O'erwhelmed it sinks: while round a smoke expires, And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.

POPE.

Note XIX p. 52.

While bright, and brighter yet, the beaconed steep Glows with collecting fires, wast diamond of the deep.

In the promontory of Bengore, the fishermen frequently

observe a luminous appearance at night, which they say is caused by a diamond in the face of the cliffs, but probably by the attraction of the electric fluid from the surrounding air.

Note XX. p. 52.

Chained to such rock in drear Caucasian clime Thy son Japetus, gloricd in his crime.

When the daring imagination of Eschylus planned the design of "Prometheus bound," he had such a picture as Benmore before him. And the spectator, as he contemplates the magnificent promontory, may fancy that he beholds the scenery of that sublime production, whether it be when the waves of numberless smiles (Angelaper yelacture) dimple the face of the deep, or the embattled elements are forth in their rage, and the son of Japetus is thus madly braving the indignation of Jove.

נא של בואדנסשט ענו Πυρος αμφηκης βοστρυχος, αιθηρ δ Ερεθιζεσθω βρούλη, σΦακελω τ' Αγειων ανεμων χθονα δ' εκ πυθμενων Αυίαις ειζαις πτευμα κεαδαιτοι, Κυμα δι ποιθε τραχει ροθιφ EUYXMOTHER TON & MEANIMY Actem grogat, et le meyantes Taelacor acons erfus duas Tumer, arayans seggais dirais. חמושק בעב ץ צ' שמחמדשידו. Here let the Thunderer hurl in ire. His curling twisted rays of fire; Let the ethereal cope of heaven By warring winds be torn, or by his thunders riven; Let the wild spirit of the air The roots of earth's foundations tear; Let eddying surges to the stars arise, Confound their course, and break the order of the skies: Yes, down to hell's tremendous reign This body let him hurl, and chain

NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

In fates strong links;—th' unconquerable soul Defies the tyrant's power, and knows not death's controul.

The reader may perhaps say with Mercury, "These are the ravings of a frenzied brain." But they are perfectly suitable to the wild genius of Æschylus, and to the character of one who, like Milton's Satan, "durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms."

Note XXI. p. 55.

He sees with dread dismay th' approaching swain, And tries again to rise but tries in vain.

One pair of Eagles have their eyry in the cliffs of Benmore, and they will "bear no rival near their throne." If one of them chance to be destroyed by the gun, or any other mischance, the remaining one, it is said, disappears, for a time, but at length returns with a mate. The story of the Eagle taken by the peasant, is well known to those who have visited the lake of Killarney. He was sitting in a valley, where he had gorged himself on carrion, and being unable to rise, became the captive of a peasant, who took advantage of his situation. He must have been a degenerate eagle, no true bird of Jove.

Vultur jumento, et canibus, crucibusque relictis Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert: Sed leporem, aut capream famulæ Jovis, et generosæ In saltu venantur aves.

JUVENAL SAT. XIV.

From plundered gibbets, carrion herds, or steeds, Or dogs obscene, her young the vulture feeds; But Jove's winged minister, and birds that share His high-born spirit, hunt the rapid hare; On woods and mountains urge the chase afar, And wage on nimble goats a nobler war.

An excellent breed of falcons builds annually in the Gobbins. Island Magee was formerly held by an annual presentation of a cast of these birds to the crown, but the practise is now gone into disuse.

The Barnacle annualy visits the Loughs of Larne, Belfast, and Strangford, in great numbers. They feed on the sea-weed called sweet-grass, or sleech, and are justly reckoned among the most delicate of the Duck tribes. On those parts of the island, however, where they cannot find sweet-grass, they acquire a rank fishy taste. On their first arrival from the arctic rocks, where they rear their progeny unmolested, and where they have not been taught to suspect an enemy, great havoc is made among them by the arms of the fowler. It is amusing to hear their hoarse murmurs, and to see the order and regularity of their marshalled flight.

Αιτ΄ επει το χειμωνα φυγον, και αθεσφατον ομίζου, Κλαγγη ταιγε πετούλαι επ΄ Ωκιανοιο ξοαων.

.......When inclement winters vex the plain With piercing frosts, or thick descending rain, To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly, With noise and order through the midway sky.

Pore.

Some of them have been taken alive, and partly domesticated. But, at the time of emigration, they have been observed to betray great uneasiness, and to withdraw, for some days, from their common haunts, as if meditating an escape to their native clime.

Among the other Birds which visit the coast, the most remarkable are the Northern Diver, stiled in the poetical language of the Hebrides Mur buaihaill the herdsman of the sea: The Gannet, Pelecanus Bassanus, remarkable for its steady majestic flight, the force and velocity with which it darts on its prey, from a great altitude, and its constant attendance on the herring, whose arrival it never fails to announce: and the Petrel, a small bird, about the size of a swallow, which derives its name from its fancied resemblance to St. Peter's walking on the sea. It has been also called by the more appropriate name of Camilla, because it seems to run along the surface of the deep.

[&]quot;In the same poetical stile the Whale is denominated Mwc Mhara; the sow of the ocean. A duck tennog; a dweller among the waves. An eel tennex; the hound of the waves.

......Mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti Ferret îter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

VIRGIL.

She swept the seas, and as she skimmed along, Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung.

DRYDEN.

These birds build in the Skelig rocks in the county of Kerry, and thence wing their flight over the Atlantic ocean. A flock of them, in pursuit of a vessel, is considered as the certain prognostic of a storm. They fly in the hollow of the waves, and seek the shelter of the vessel's stern. "They dive well and live on small fishes—are mute by day but clamorous in the night. They build in the Orkney islands under loose stones in the month of June or July—The inhabitants of the Feroe isles draw a wick thro' the bird, which, being lighted at one end, serves for a candle, the flame being fed by the fat and oil of the body" NAT. HIST.

The numerous flocks of birds which frequent the cliffs, are often deprived of their eggs, in the mode described in the poem. Against this practice, as it affords an useful article of food, I have nothing to object. But what benevolent mind will not protest against the savage custom of shooting these inhabitants of the rocks for amusement, or a wicked display of marksman dexterity? It is a great exaggeration of the cruelty too, to shoot them during the breeding season, and yet this is the season generally preferred; because the affection of the bird for her young, a circumstance which should awaken compassion, exposes her to the approaches of the enemy, and when she falls, her hapless progeny must perish of hunger. These birds are useless when dead-but when alive they serve an important purpose in the economy of nature, by devouring garbage, and dead fish, which would otherwise putrify on our shores. They shew the fisher where he may most successfully cast his nets, while by the variety of their motions, and the wild harmony of their notes, they embellish, and enliven the ruggedness of the rocks which God has assigned for their habitation. Let those who are fond of wantonly destroying these harmless creatures, seek a more useful employment in the alaughter-house; or aim at a nobler quarry in the fields of

Spain. I blush to reflect that a member of the British Senate, at this period of refinement, avowed himself a patron of cockfighting—a practise as disgraceful to a Gentleman, as it is abhorrent from the feelings of a Christian.

Note XXII. p. 59

Had widowed Rathlin's towers and won the maid.

The story on which this episode is founded may be seen in Keating's history of Ireland.

Rathlin, the Ricina of Ptolemy, lying opposite the shores of Ballycastle, is about five miles long and one broad. It is shaped something like a boot, the toe pointing to the coal works of Ballycastle, the heel, where Bruce's castle is situated, to Cantire, and the top to the great western ocean.

This small island, surrounded as it is by a wild and turbulent sea, fortified by barriers of inhospitable rock, and containing little or nothing in itself to provoke the rage either of avarice or ambition, might be supposed to have escaped the desolating scourge of war. But where is the soil from which "the voice of blood" doth not cry? Rathlin has repeatedly been the theatre of battle and murder: and it has felt all the fury of the Danish, English, and Hebridian arms. The monastery which had been established here by Columba, was ravaged and destroyed, with all its shrines, by the piratical Danes in 790. It was again ravaged, by a second visitation of these robbers, in 973, who, among other atrocities, put the abbot of the island to death. Its vicinity to Ireland rendering it an object of importance to an invading enemy, it became a scene of contention between the Irish and Albanian Scots. The memory of a dreadful massacre, perpetrated by the Campbells, a highland clan, is still preserved: and a place called Sloc no Calleach perpetuates a tradition of the destruction of all the old women in the island, by precipitation over the rocks. The barbarian author of this atrocity was named Mac Nalreavy. During the disturbances in Scotland, between Baliol and Robert Bruce, it afforded the latter an asylum in a fortress, whose ruins still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. It was invaded by the English in 1551; but they were obliged to retreat with the loss of a ship, and several men. Captain Bagnal was

left among the captives, but was soon after released for Sourlebuoy, then a prisoner in Dublin. In 1558, the Lord Deputy Thos. Earl of Sussex, made an expedition against the island, which proved more successful. He drove out the Scots with great carnage, and left a garrison for its defence,

Spear heads, and brazen swords, the relics of ancient warfare, a silver fibula of good workmanship, now in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, and some tumuli with human bones have been discovered in a plain near the centre of the island. In one of the tumuli was a stone coffin, and an urn containing the residuum of some animal matter, probably the heart of a chief who had died on this field of battle.

In 1758* Mr. Gage, proprietor of the island, gave in a petition to parliament, stating the advantages that would result from the formation of two harbours, one in Church bay, and the other at Ushut. The expence of making the former, which would be capable of receiving vessels of 300 tons burden was estimated at £2000; the latter, which might receive vessels of 100 tons, at £3000. Among the advantages resulting from the formation of these harbours, it was stated that they would answer the purposes of a safe navigation in and out of St.

"Mr Stewart, a year prior to this, had petitioned parliament for aid to build a pier at Ballintoy. A vein of coals had been discovered in that neighbourhood—Some coals were also found in Rathlin, as Mr. Gage's petition mentioned, and it was believed that the collieries of Ballycastle, if fully wrought, would produce 100 tons of coals a day. Accordingly great exertions were made to obtain parliamentary aid to improve these sources of wealth—Mr. Stewart's petition was rejected. That of the merchants and manufacturers of Ballycastle was more successful. After various reports, and estimates, laid before the house of Commons, in which it appeared that £9541 12s, were necessary to reimburse the expences which Mr. Boyd had already incurred, and to carry on the work, £3000 were granted by Parliament to Mr. Boyd, on "giving security and recognizance before the chief Earon, or one of the Barons of

was accommodation to a frigate, to guard the coast from smuggers, and French privateers, one of which had found a permanent station in Church bay, in the the reign of Queen Anne, to the great annoyance of our trade—and encourage the herring and cod fisheries. The advantage of having a light-house, and a public granary was also stated, but notwithstanding, the petition was rejected.

Rathlin, by an estimate made in 1758, contains 2000 plantation acres, 130 families, a church and parsonage house. Mr. Hamilton has observed that it produces excellent barley, and fattens a small but delicious breed of sheep. The inhabitants are simple, laborious, honest, and exceedingly attached to, their own soil. Kenramer, the western end of the island is craggy and hilly, and its inhabitants are distinguished by activity, bodily strength, and self-dependence. The Ushut end is barren in its soil, but well supplied with harbours. Hence its inhabitants are fishermen, and from their intercourse with strangers are more civilized than the natives of Kenramer.

There is a belief prevalent among them, that a Green island rises, every seventh year, out of the sea between Bengore, and their island. Many individuals, they say, have distinctly seen it adorned with woods and lawns, and crouded with people selling yarn, and engaged in the common occupations of a fair. Can this idea arise from the catoptric theatre of the Fata Morgana? See Note VIII. p. 148.

The Glashan fishery has proved unsuccessful this year, 1811,

his Majesty's court of Exchequer that he will keep said harbour in repair for the term of 21 years" Some of the best Workmen in England were employed by Mr. Boyd in building the pier, and they stated in their report that it was their opinion it would last for ages.

Journal of the Irish commons, from 1757 till 1763.

The harbour is now choaked with sand, and the pier is hastening to ruin.

owing to the spells of an old woman of Ila. She has good-naturedly promised to send back the fish for the moderate reward of a couple of guineas.

There are no frogs, rabbits, grouse nor foxes in Rathlin. Of the numerous sea-birds which frequent its shores, the Faghagh, or Puffin, Alea arctica is the most remarkable. It breeds in holes which it scoops in the sand, or finds in the rocks. It lays only one egg, and exhibits an extraordinary degree of affection for its young, which no appearance of danger will force it to abandon.* The young one, it is said, often grows so fast that it is unable to get out of the aperture at which the parent bird enters. When this difficulty occurs, the dam gathers sorrel, and supplies the young one with that herb, till its size be reduced, and its liberation accomplished.

Rathlin is become an object of curiosity to the Philosophical observer on account of the similarity of its shores to those of the coast of Antrim, from which, it is supposed, it has been severed by some awful convulsion. At Doon point may be seen a very beautiful Giant's Causeway in miniature, and a variety of columns bending like the ribs of a ship reversed.

The tide of flood in Church bay runs nine hours, the ebbonly three. At Archill bay S. of Bruce's castle, the reverse takes place, the ebb running nine hours, the flood only three. The channel between Rathlin and Ballycastle is named Slunck na Marra, the hollow of the sea; and the cod bank between Rathlin and Ila...Skirnaw.

Note XXIII. p. 62.

A royal harp.

On a very ancient Irish harp, in possession of N. Dalway, esq.

^{*&}quot; This affection however yield to the paramount necessity of migration, which begins about the 11th of August, and is complete on the 28th of the same month; when such young as cannot fly are left to the mercy of the Peregrine Falcon, who watches at the mouth of the holes for the appearance of the little deserted Puffin, forced by hunger to come abroad."

NAT. H1s.

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is the inscription, Ego sum regina cithararum, I am the Queen of harps. An elegant engraving of this harp may be seen in Mr. Bunting's collection of Irish Melodies.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

NOTES TO BOOK THIRD.

Note I. p. 72.

Here hapless Hamilton, lamented name ! To fire volcanic traced the curious frame.

The Rev. Wm. Hamilton, A.M. F.T.C.D. the ingenious author of " Letters on the County of Antrim." He was justly characterized as a gentleman of great activity both of body and mind-a zealous magistrate-a lover of letters-of amiable manners-decided loyalty, and steady resolution in opposing the designs of insurrection in the year 1797. His exertions rendered him an object of fear and dislike; and an opportunity unhappily presented itself, for the gratification of a sanguinary and atrocious revenge. Having crossed the ferry of Lough Swilly, from Fannet where he resided in the County of Donegall, to dine with Dr. Waller, a body of assassins receiving intelligence of his arrival, surrounded the house and poured a volley of small arms, through the windows, into the parlour, where he was sitting with Dr. Waller and his family. Mrs. Waller fell, but Mr. Hamilton was reserved for a more cruel fate. Knowing himself to be the object of their vengeance, he had retreated to an inner apartment, and had unluckily forgotten to secure any weapon of defence; for being a man of vigour and resolution, he would not have died, though taken like a deer in the toils, without a desperate conflict. Dragged from his retreat, and overcome by the superior force of armed ruffians, he fell in the full vigour of his powers, an irreparable loss to society, and the republic of letters.

His work on the County of Antrim, a work to which I am so much indebted, is the production of an elegant, and philosophical mind. The delineations which he has given of some of the principal objects of attention on the coast, are drawn with a masterly hand. It is only to be regretted that he did not render his work complete, by entering more fully into the natural and civil history of the county. But his chief object was to give a view of the basaltic district, and account for its formation, on the principles of the volcanic theory—a theory which, though he seems to adopt it with some hesitation, he applies with great force and ingenuity to an explanation of basaltic phenomena.

I embrace the occasion presented by this note, to return my grateful acknowledgments to Dr. William Hamilton, for the obliging offer of the use of the plates which his father, Mr. Hamilton, had engraved, for his letters on the County of Antrim. Two of the prints which accompany this work, Doon point, and Carrickarede, are copies from two of Mr. Hamilton's prints, reduced. The rest are original.

Note II. p. 75.

Has Erm too, once felt the burning pest? Its records live deep graven on her breast.

That is, according to those who adopt the volcanic hypothesis, and a belief in the identity of lava and basalt. Whithurst is of opinion that the crater from which the melted matter flowed which composes the Giant's Causeway, and the neighbouring cliffs, has been swallowed up, and lost in the ocean at some very remote period of time. He thinks this opinion countenanced by an old Irish tradition to the same effect, and by the story of the Atlantic island, mentioned in Plutarch's life of Solon, and the Timzeus of Plato. The latter writer says that it lay without the pillars of Hercules, was of greater magnitude than Lybia and Asia, and more properly to be denominated a continent than an island: that it was governed by powerful kings who had subjugated the neighbouring isles, and extended their dominion in Europe, to the Tuscan

sea, and in Africa, to the borders of the Nile: that with collected forces they had invaded all the countries within the pillars of Hercules, but were repelled by the Athenian arms: that afterwards, in the course of one disastrous day and night, the whole of their military force was destroyed by earthquakes, and inundations, and the Atlantic island itself engulphed beneath the ocean.

υς ερώ δε χρονώ στισμών εξαισιών η κατακλυσμών γενομενών, μιας ημερας η νυκίος χαλεπης ελθάσης, το, τε πάρα υμών μαχιμόν παν, αθροόν εδυ κάθα γης, η τε Ατλανίις νησός ωταυτώς κατά της θαλάσσης δυσα ηθανίσθη.

PLATO-

The supposition that Ireland is a fragment of the Atlantic isle, may answer the object of poetry, but the data are scarcely sufficient to justify its adoption in philosophy.

The volcanic theory is founded on the apparently perfect resemblance of lava and basalt. The component principles of both have been ascertained by chemical analysis to be nearly the same. It appears from the experiments of Bergman, that

100 parts of the basalt of Staffa, contain,	100 parts of lava, contain,
Silex50 parts	Silex49 parts.
Argil15 —	Argil35—
Calx 8 —	Calx 4
Magnesia 2 —	
Iron25 —	Iron12
-	-
100	100

To this it is urged by Hamilton,

that the fossils which accompany both are the same, viz. black, opaque shorl, puzzolana earth, chrysolite, and various minute crystallizations. Each is fusible per se, resists the action of acids, and shews no traces of marine exuviae. He observes that great quantities of iron and clay, which were formerly combined with sulphur, and formed pyrites, the cause of volcanoes, are diffused throughout the coast of Antrim. The sulphur has escaped by the action of fire, but the great

strata of red ochre, which is only an oxyd of iron, still remain. To this he adds, that the strata in contact with basalt have characters similar to those which are the known effects of a long continued, but not intense heat; flints are shivery, easily broken, and reducible to powder of an opaque, muddy whiteness: oftentimes they have incorporated from the basak, a calx of iron which has tinged them with many varieties of a red colour. The coal adjoining the basaltes has a glazed appearance, of the leaden hue of charred coal, and forms a bright cinder, without flame, smoke, or vapour. The lime too, in contact with whin dykes, is often granular like marble; a fact ascribed to the action of the whinstone, when in a state of fusion by fire.

It is farther alleged by the supporters of the volcanic hypothesis, that the vestiges of fire may be traced in every region of the globe. Sir Wm. Hamilton says that wherever basaltic pillars are found, a volcano must have existed, for they are mere lava...They are found in the neighbourhood of Ætna, Hecla, and most volcanic mountains (not in Vesuvius, Amsterdam and Teneriffe.) The island of St. Helena which is supposed to be entirely of volcanic origin, in the disposition of its strata, its columns, and globes or bombs of basalt composed of concentric lamella, has so striking a resemblance to the coast of Antrim, that a geological description of the one might serve for the other.

Note III. p. 76.

What fiery whirlwinds raging to the sky! What glowing rocks in long projectiles fly!

"The ashes thrown from the volcanoes in Iceland frequently covered a space of 20 or 30 miles in length, and half a yard in height...Some of the places nearest to the volcanoes have been utterly destroyed by their effects—viz. violent earthquakes, which generally preceded the eruption—inundations of water from the ice melted by the fire; by the quan-

^{*}Two instances occur at the Cave-hill, in which this fact is not observable.

tity of glowing ashes and stones thrown from the mouths of the volcanoes, and the streams of burning matter which flowed down on all sides."

The first thing usually observed before a new eruption of fire is the bursting of the mass of ice with a dreadful noise—Flames then burst forth, and lightning and balls of fire issue with the smoke, which are seen several miles off. With the flames proceed a number of larger and smaller stones, which are sometimes thrown to an incredible distance. A round stone, an ell in diameter, was thrown a mile from Hecla—and another which weighed 290 pounds was thrown to the distance of four miles.

Of the numerous hot spouting water-springs in Iceland, Geyser is the most remarkable. It rises from an opening perfectly round, and nineteen feet in diameter. The basin formed round it, by a silicious deposition, is in diameter 59 feet. It spouts at intervals, and, according to some reports, to the amazing height of 60 fathoms, with a force almost incredible. Von Troil, D.D. from whose letters these extracts are made, says, that he and his companions endeavoured to stop the orifice of a less spring, near the Geyser, with stones, but the water gushed forth in spite of every obstacle in a very ardent manner, shewing "how little the weak efforts of man avail when they endeavour to prescribe bounds to the works of nature."

"The Skrida imports large pieces of a mountain tumbling down, and destroying the land and houses which lie at the foot of it. This happened in 1554, when the whole farm of Skidestedr, in Vatulad was ruined, and thirteen people buried alive. The Snioflodi, or Snowflood, is similar in character and effect to an avalanche, or fall of a glacier among the Alps. In 1699, during the night, two farms, in the Syssel of Kiosar were buried in the snow with all their inh 'itants and cattle."

Note IV. p. 77.

Where now Catania are thy myrtle bowers, Thy purple vineyards and thy fields of flowers?

Catania has repeatedly felt the destructive effects of earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions from Mount Ætna. In 1669, it was almost totally destroyed. On the 11th of March, says Borrelli, who was on the spot, some time before the lava burst out,
after violent earthquakes, and dreadful subterraneous bellowing,
a rent was opened in the mountain twelve miles long,
in some places of which, when they threw down stones,
they could not hear them strike the bottom. He says that
burning rocks, 60 palms in length, were thrown to the distance of a mile, and that the giants, supposed to be buried
under Mount Ætna, seemed to have renewed their war against
heaven: that stones of a lesser size were carried upwards of
three miles; and that the thunder and lightning from the smoke
were scarcely less terrible than the noise of the mountain.

He adds, that after the most violent struggles and abkings of the whole island, when the lava at last burst through, it sprang up into the air to the height of sixty palms. In short, he describes that event, as well as the universal terror and consternation it occasioned, in terms full of horror. For many weeks the sun did not appear, and the day seemed to be changed into night. Soon after the lava got vent, which was not till four months from the time that the mountain began to labour, all these dreadful symptoms abated, and it was soon after perfectly quiet.

He says this deluge of fire, after destroying the finest country in Sicily, and sweeping away churches, villages, and convents, broke over the lofty walls of Catania, and covered up five of its bastions, with the intervening curtains. From thence pouring down on the city, it destroyed every object it met with, overwhelming and burying all in one promiscuous ruin."

Brydone's Tour.

The horrors of a volcanic eruption, is a subject to which no powers of description are equal. The pictures even of Virgil, and his master Lucretius, are but feeble representations of nature. The loudest peals of artillery are only expiring echoes compared to the internal thunders which shake the foundations of Ætna; and a furnace of melted metal presents but an imperfect image of the fused minerals rolling in a crater of immense depth, with "a beavy abrupt noise, like what

might be imagined of a sea of quick-silver dashing among uneven rocks." The explosion of the cliffs, the cataracts of fire rushing down with irresistible fury, the dreary darkness which overshadows the land at noonday, the showers of rocks driven in fiery tempests, and instantly converting a land which is "as the garden of Eden into a desolate wilderness," and the mingled cries of alarm and despair which precede the silence of death, all form a scene of horror, of which the native of a clime like this, free as it is from every dreadful visitation of nature, can form but a very inadequate idea, and which even shose who have seen it can but faintly pourtray.

Note V. p. 78.

Not with less ruin on the blasted plain, See fell Verwins showers of cinders rain.

On the 24th of August, 79, Herculaneum and Pompeia were totally overwhelmed by an earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius. The former, by that and succeeding eruptions, was covered with a stratum of ashes and lava, resembling grey stone, to the depth of 24 feet, and the latter with a similar stratum of about half that thickness. In 1713, Herculaneum was discovered by some labourers, who, in digging a well, struck against a statue on the benches of a theatre, 80 feet below the surface. Pompeia was discovered about 40 years after. From these two singular repositories has been dug an immense variety of curiosities, in high preservation; busts, statues, and pictures; domestic, musical, and chirurgical instruments; incinerated rolls of papyrus, which may yet, perhaps, unfold some of those works of antiquity, whose loss we deplore; the apparatus of art, and the ornaments of luxury. Thus it is that Nature, while she seems to destroy, preserves and renovates, and that the most violent convulsions in the natural, as well as political world, are followed by salutary consequences. While the fire and sword of the barbarians were ravaging the fields of Italy, these two cities lay hid from their fury: and Nature, as if willing to reward the ingenuity of art, while she covered them with the mantle of destruction, kept them close enshrined in her bosom, during the lapse of nearly seventeen centuries, till a new age of taste arose to appreciate their value, and rescue them from oblivion.

Mote VL p. 79.

Verma's sage directs his adverse prore.

The elder Pliny who commanded the Roman fleet at Misenum, in 79, inspired by that philosophical enthusiasm which elevates the mind above all fear of danger or death, on hearing of the eruption at Vesuvius, instantly set sail in a small boat, that he might witness the phenomenon. The picture given of him by the younger Pliny is highly characteristic of a Roman and a philosopher. Properat illuc unde alii fugiunt, &c....His life became the forfeit of his courage. He fell, probably by inhaling carbonic gas, which, as has been noticed by Dr. Davy, is evolved during a volcanic eruption. How different were the spirit and temper of the Roman, from those of Muschenbroack, who, on receiving the shock of a small electric bowl, declared " he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France!" The courage of modern philosophers, however, would not shrink from a comperison with that of the most renowned ancients. " Mr. Boze, says Priestly, with a truly philosophical heroism, worthy of Empedocles, said he wished he might die by the electric shock, that the account of his death might furnish an article for the memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences. But it is not given to every electricism to die in so glorious a manner as the justly cavied Richmen!" This philosopher was struck dead by the electric finish which he was drawing into his room for the purposes of expariment, Aug. 6, 1753. The example of Spalding who perished in a diving-bell, and of De Rozier, by a fall from a balance, as well as that of many other Aeronauts, proves that the apirit of philosophical enterprize has encreased rather than degenerated.

Note VII. p. 81.

And Ocean rolls his wild infuriate flood, Where Calloa's towers this moment glittering stood.

"In the year 1746, Calloana considerable garrison town, and sea-port in Peru, containing 5000 inhabitants, was violently shook by an earthquake, on the 28th of October; and the people had no sooner began to recover from the terror occasioned by the horrid convulsion, but the sea rolled in upon them in mountainous waves, and put a final period to their existence; for they all perished, except 200 who were providentially saved on board of ships and fishing boats lying in the harbour. The elevation of this extraordinary tide was such as conveyed ships of burden over the garrison walls, the towers, and the town distant from the sea. One in particular which arrived from Chili the preceding day, was conveyed to the foot of the mountains, and there remained on dry ground. The flood of water flowed over the town with such rapidity that it tore up the foundations of all the buildings, except those of the two grand gates, and some few parts of the garrison walls, which remain as the only monuments of that dreadful catastrophe. All the other parts of the town were so completely erased, and the parts covered by sand and gravel, as totally concealed the appearance of a town having ever existed upon the spot of ground where Calloa stood."

Whitehurst.

Note VIII. p. 83.

Here the red torrent by the rapid shock, Of frigid waters changed to pillared rock.

The supposition that columnar basalt was formed by the sudden refrigeration of a stream of lava coming in contact with the ocean, is totally irreconcileable to reason and experience. None of the numerous streams of lava which have flowed into the Mediterranean have been known to assume such an appearance, but on the contrary, to present that confused and irregular form which the rencounter of two such adverse elements may be justly supposed to produce. It has been conjectured, with a greater air of probability, that it was suffered to cool gradually, and crystallize in the immense vaults, or in the very focus of the volcano where it was originally fused, and that

subsequent convulsions rending the craters asunder, and burying one half of them in the sea, left the other half of a continued series of craters, to form the cliffs from the Giants' Causeway to Bengore. But alss! how will this beautiful and grand
idea apply to those basaltic columns which stand at a considerable distance from the sea, and on the very summit of the
most elevated ground in their vicinity, and where there is as
appearance of a crater, or any other vestige of a volcano?

To the hypothesis that basaltes were formed by crystallization, Kirwan has opposed very formidable objections. He obberves that crystals are lamellar or vitreous in their texture, have a smooth polished surface, a regular form, determinate angles, and a homogeneous texture throughout. Basaltes have none of these characters. They present an irregular earthy grain, show no vestige of lamellæ in their fracture, exhibit a great variety of forms, being trigonal, quadrangular, pentagonal, hexagonal, octagonal, &c. without any common angle. Besides, they are articulated, and if Mr. Hamilton's observation be correct, of a looser and softer texture at the top than the bottom. To this it is added, that that excellent crystallographist, Rome De Lisle, has excluded basaltes from the rank of crystals.

The other principal objections which have been made to the volcanic theory, are briefly these. Basaltes have no internal marks of fusion; their fracture is destitute of all such lustre and such internal cavities as fused earthy substances possess. They contain calcareous earth which should have been calcined, acolites which retain their appropriate water, and horn blend crystals which are destructible at a very low heat. Neither calcareous spar, nor zeolite is found in modern lava. Neithey had been acted on by fire; it is answered, that they are so often found in countries decidedly not volcanic, that this indication connot be deemed of great moment. As to the charting of the coal, it could not be caused by a superincumbent mass of melted basalt; for the pressure of the melted matter

would prevent the escape of the elastic fluids necessary to its charred state.

See this subject discussed at length in the second appendix of Kirwan's Elements of Mineralogy.

Note 1X. p. 84.

Or if thy genius, Whiston, right divined.

Among the wild fancies of this theorist, is the idea that comets are the local hell of the damned, whose "delighted spirits," by their approximation to the sun, are subjected to an intolerable heat, but when, in time, their torments become their element, their careering vehicle, rushing to its aphelion, transports them "to thrilling regions of the thick-ribbed ice;" and thus they are exposed through all eternity to the horrible vicissitudes of frost and fire.

A doctrine similar to this in the mouth of Claudio pleading with Isabella, is powerful and affecting; but how could a man of science, and a philosopher indulge such reveries?

Note X. p. 84.

Neptunian Kiravan, green lerne's pride.

The Neptunian theory, which involves the formation of basalt, is founded on historical records, particularly the book of holy writ; on numerous proofs of the universal deluge, written in indelible characters on the face of the globe, on the impossibility of certain appearances in many minerals having been caused by fusion, or any cause but solution; and on the position and structure of the strata which contain evident indications of their having been formed by mechanical and chemieal depositions. Great quantities of shells and other marine exuviæ are found in all parts of the earth, and at very considerable elevations above the surface of the sea. Kirwan, the most able and ingenious of Neptunists, supposes that the whole superficial parts of the earth were originally held in a state of solution by water, heated to SSO or more; that the metallic, saline, and inflammable substances crystallized by the laws of elective attraction, and according to the predominant

proportion of their ingredients, formed primitive mountains: that during their crystallitzation, a prodigious heat was evolved: and oxygen and azote (nitrogen) being disengaged, formed the atmosphere; the absorption of carbonic acid, which was farmed by the union of oxygen and carbon, produced the crystallization and deposition of the calcareous strata. After the first emersion of the land, the creation of fishes took place. "Life with the shelly tribes its course began;" and secondary mountains containing organic remains, were made by the deposition of materials less disposed to crystalline than the primitive. On the retreat of the sea, the earth became covered with vegetables, and peopled with animals. He accounts for basaltes by the calces of iron reduced by their contact with bitumen being precipitated, with the argillaceous and silicious principles, on the summits of mountains not yet emerged. " During desiccation, the basaltic masses thus formed, split into columns; in other places they covered the carbonaceous masses already deposited, and by absorbing much of their bitumen, rendered them less inflammable; and hence the connexion which the ingenious Werner observed between basalt and coal." The Neptunist supposes he has lately found a conclusive argument to support his theory, in the cavities filled with water, which are discovered in the centre of basaltic columns, at a distance from the sea. But does not the presence of the water exhibit a proof of the rock's permeability, rather than of its aqueous fermation?

Note XI. p. 85.

With poles erect the rounded planet spun.

This was a favourite idea of Burnet's, and a very impostant one in the explanation of his philosophical romance entitled a theory of the earth. "The perpetual spring, says he, which belonged to the golden age, and to paradise, is an happiness this present earth cannot pretend to, nor is capable of, unless we could transfer the sun from the ecliptic, or, which is as easy, persuade the earth to change its posture to the sum. If Archimedes had found a place to plant his machines in, forremoving of the earth, all that I should have desired of him. would have been only to have given it an heave at one end, and set it a little to rights with the sun, that we might have enjoyed the comforts of a perpetual spring, which we have lost by its dislocation ever since the deluge."

Keil has ably exposed the error of this idea, and shown that the present inclination of the axis of the earth to the plane of the ecliptic, being analogous to that of the other planets, is in the position, or nearly so, in which it was originally placed, and that it is adapted, in the best possible manner, for an equal distribution of light and heat in all her various regions. Were the pole perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, the arctic regions would be chained in eternal frost, and the torrid zone consumed with intolerable heat; while countries like England and Ireland, never enjoying more warmth than they receive at the time of the equinoxes, could ripen few of their vegetable productions, and would consequently become barren and deserted.

Note XII. p. 87.

On Erin's moors the wondering peasants rear Th' enormous antlers of the stranger deer.

The stupendous horns so frequently found in marl pits, in every part of Ireland, have long excited the attention of the curious. Those in possession of the Bishop of Dromore measure 14½ feet in circumference, from tip to tip, and the cord 10 feet. The thigh bone, and some of the other bones, which were found in the same marly stratum from which the horns were dug, when compared with those of a horse 17 hands high, are one fourth longer. The frontal bone too is larger in the same proportion, and hence, 4 inches being a palm, the height of the ancient deer may be determined to be seven feet, one inch. An entire skeleton of this creature, has not, as far as I have been able to ascertain, been yet discovered, but the relics which yet remain, give us a magnificent idea of his magnitude, when he roved through his forests; spread his broad antlers to the breeze, and bounded with the velocity of

the wind on his native hills. But his race and his memorial have perished.

The Moose, or American deer, (Cervus Alces) was long thought to be of the same species as this noble animal. But our naturalist's, Mr. Templeton's friendly communications on this subject, have enabled me to observe that there is a decided and characteristic difference, and that its horns show it to be distinct from all the present known species of the Genus Cervus. The Moose deer measures only five feet six inches. His horns want the trifurcated brow antlers, and the very long gradually tapering snags of the Irish horns.

The discovery of these horns has afforded much room for speculation. Some have conjectured from the size of the cresture to which they belonged, that it was more probably the inhabitant of a continent, than of a small island like Ireland, and hence an argument for the Atlantis of Plato. Others suppose they have lain in the ground since the universal deluge: a supposition not to be admitted, when we reflect on the fragile and destructible nature of horn and bone, and the narrow compass of the country to which they are confined. Dr. Thomas Molyneux, in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions, more judiciously thinks that our ancient deer existed in the land long since the deluge; that most of them may have perished by a pestilential distemper, similar to that which is known to prove so destructive to the rein deer of Lapland; and that the survivors may have been exterminated by the shafts or the dogs of the hunter. Wolves have for many centuries been unknown in England, and the race of the wolf-dog in Ireland is nearly extinct. That the deer were indigenous and gregarious, appears from their relics being found in all parts of the country, and sometimes in tolerable numbers, no fewer than three pairs of horns having been dug up in the space of one acre, in the county of Meath. The rapid decay of vegetable matter, and the accumulation of the detritus brought from the hills by rains and floods, will account for the depth at which they now lie buried beneath the surface.

Note XIII. p. 87.

And blue basalt is stamped with Ammon's horn.

The rocks which compose the shores of Portrush, abound with impressions of the cornu Ammonis, and hence the Neptunists think they derive a conclusive argument in support of their theory. The Huttonian however contends, that the rock having those impressions, differs widely from basalt in its grain and structure, in its fracture which is conchoidal, and in its having nothing of a sparry or crystallized structure. It does not graduate into common basalt by imperceptible gradations; for the line of contact between the two substances may be distinctly traced, as I had an opportunity of observing in company with Dr. Ogilvy, in the Summer of 1809. Professor Playfair, magnum et venerabile nomen, from some specimens of the rock which fell under his inspection in Edinburgh, infers "that the rock containing the shells, is the schistus or stratified stone, which serves as the base of the basaltes, and which has acquired a high degree of induration, by the vicinity of the great ignited mass of whinstone."

Note XIV. p. 88.

Here raised erect majestic o'er the brine, There curved to beauty's ever-varying line.

While the volcanist supposes he has found the cause of the columnarity of basalt in crystallization, the Neptunist attributes it to the desiccation, and shrinking of the basaltic mass, in a mode analogous to the drying of starch and clay. While the columns, say they, were yet in a soft state, if any concussion in the ground took place, they would be thrown from their vertical position, and form a concave, or convex, or twisted appearance, according to the surface on which they fell. Those of Doon are convex, while those of Booshala, a rock near

the entrance of Fingal's grotto, are concave like the ribs of a vessel. Hence the allusion to the bark of Alcinous:

i di haya exigo ayadi metangi Di hui yaar ediki, ni eleguata medi Oi hui yaar ediki, ni eleguata medi Xuli xaramensi iyasu; Xuli xaramensi iyasu;

Odyss. XIIL L 161.

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way, The winged pinnace shot along the sea, The Gou arrests her with a sudden stroke, And roots her down an everlasting rock.

Pope's Odyss:

Kirwan, on the authority of Soulavie, attributes the incurvation of pillars to the presence of a granite nucleus; and though this nucleus is sometimes only in one pillar, its pressure would cause the next pillar to bend, and the next, till the whole group assumed the same form. This observation, he continues, proves that all the pillars were originally in a soft state, that they formed a coherent mass, and could not consequently assume the columnar form by crystallization, but by disruption. It also deserves to be mentioned, that the granite nucleus did not appear in the least altered, a sign surely that it had experienced no heat, and consequently that the softness of the basalt did not proceed from its having been in a state of fusion.

Soulavie made his observations on the mountains of Autraignes. No granite nucleus has ever been discovered in the county of Antrim basalt. Could Soulavie mistake one of those basaltic bombs which are often lodged in trap, and which compose large rocks, for granite? The above explanation of the cause of incurved pillars, is not satisfactory, for they are found in situations where no fall or sinking could have taken place, and in the midst of perpendicular columns, as in the face of Port na Spania, where there is a group of converg-

ing pillars called the fan, from their similitude to that instrument. At Drimnakill, a conical hill of Murlogh, E. of Fairhead, the pillars are inclined like great pieces of artillery.

Near Fox Town, on the N. W. shores of the peninsula of Innishowen, quadrangular blocks of quartz are arranged at a high angle, in a manner so artificial, that they might be mistaken for the squared stones of a building, and, at a little distance, for the inclined pillars of Drimnakill.

Note XV. p. 89.

As years on years in time's wide orbit wheel, They dread no change, and no abrasion feel.

This, like several other things in the poem, is said only poetically, and in conformity to the principles of the Neptunian theory. Some of the defenders of this theory have maintained, in opposition to the Huttonians, that the columns of the Giants' Causeway still preserve the original sharpness of their angles, though exposed for so many ages to the continual action of the waves. This observation however must be understood with some limitations. It was remarked by Dr. Samuel Foley, in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions, more than 100 years ago, that those pillars, "which lye low to the sea are washed smooth," With respect to the general disintegration of the coast, there cannot be any question, though in some places where it is guarded by dykes and basaltic mounds, the detritus is not so apparent. The steps of decay may be distinctly traced in the Cave-hill, and the Knocogh, and on the shores of Carrickfergus and Larne. Some of the gigantic columns of Ballygelly, already totter to their fall, and the shores to the W. of Garron point exhibit awful proofs of the ravages made by the destroyer. The fall of columns at Fairhead, within the memory of persons now living, has carried away nearly an acre of surface, and the spectator has only to behold that grand promontory to be convinced that the whole base of it is a mass of ruins. The base of the cliffs at Port Noffer are strewed with a loose debris, and

the ground beneath is sometimes deeply furrowed by the fall of rocky fragments from above. The isolated rocks on which the castles of Dunsevric and Dunluce stand, have monidered from beneath the walls, and in many places left their foundations exposed and bare. Dr. Davy has observed in his geological lectures, that at Banyavenagh, a high basaltic hill in the county of Derry, and at Fairhead, a rapid destruction is going on, by the decomposition of the alkaline portion of their basalt. The same eminent philosopher, in opposition to the doctrine of general disintegration, has remarked, that "the highest mountains capped with eternal snow, are hermetically preserved from the effects of the weather." But there is more beauty than truth in the remark. The Skrida of Iceland, and the Avalanche of the Alps, show that even those giant sons of earth will one day bow their heads, and descend from their elevation. The torrents that sweep down their sides, the storms that roar around their brow, and the internal heat of the earth, instruments more effectual than the vinegar and fire of Hannibal, are the agents with which nature is mining their foundations, and working their fall. The hermetical sealing itself, the vast masses of ice and snow which seem to shield them from the attacks of the weather, are often their principal destroyers. For when they become unable to support the encreasing accumulation of new matter, they fall by their own gravity, carrying with them the rocks on which they had reposed, and sometimes burying whole villages beneath their ruin.

"The law of decay, says Playfair, suffers no exception: the elements of all bodies were once loose and unconnected, and to the same state nature has appointed that they should all return."

"It affords no presumption against the reality of this process, that in respect of man, it is too slow to be immediately perceived. The utmost portion of it to which our experience can extend, is evanescent in comparison with the whole, and must be regarded as the momentary increment of a vast progression, circumscribed by no other limits than the duration of the world. Time performs the office of integrating the infinitesimal parts of which this progression is made up; it collects them into one sum, and produces from them an amount greater than any that can be assigned."

Note XVI. p. 89.

Druids of science, to the muse disclose From what wast source th' o'erwhelming deluge rose.

No subject has puzzled theorists more than the general deluge, or afforded room for a greater variety of opinions. The great difficulties are to find enough of water to cover the highest mountains, and afterwards reduce it to its present limits. Burnet ascribes it to the general disruption of the crust of the original earth, in which the aqueous element was contained in the same manner as the matter of an egg is enclosed within its shell. Leibnitz and Hally supposed that a comet was instrumental in elevating the waters, and that by a communication of its heat, it gave them new solvent powers. Whiston, with great ingenuity, has laboured to demonstrate that a comet descending in the place of the ecliptic, towards its perihelion, passed just before the earth on the day of the deluge, and by its attractive powers, caused such a commotion among the waters concealed beneath the terrestrial shell, that they burst from their prison with irresistible force; while the globe itself being enveloped in the tail and atmosphere of the comet, was deluged by torrents from above. Kirwan supposes it was caused by a miraculous effusion of water both from the clouds, and from the great abysses of the Southern ocean below the equator, rushing to the North, overspreading the Arctic regions, and thence descending to the south. Dr. Keil computed that twentyeight oceans would be necessary to cover the whole earth to the height of the loftiest mountains. It has been ascertained since the days of Keil, that there is forty-eight times as much water on the globe as was then supposed to exist; a quantity more than enough to produce the effects ascribed to the Mosaic delage. See Heavy Englished endowners to account for it by the heat and expansion of a large body of water enclosed in the interior of the earth, and his hypothesis, he thinks, singularly accounts with the naturative of Moore: " for the million expansion of the internal waters would, of course, force them up through the channs of the enterior crust in dreadful jusand corrects, while their heat would come such vapours to account into the atmosphere, as when condensed, would positive terrents of rain beyond our conception."

Mote XVII. p. 82.

When much the strate, what prevailing same. Depend them adverse to attraction's lowe?

If the earth were once in a fluid chaotic state, and if mechanical deposition alone were concerned in the formation of the strata, we should expect to find them all arranged in layers, like the coats of an onion, according to their specific gravities. Woodward has actually maintained this to be the fact, though a very partial knowledge of the component principles of the globe might have shown his error. Burnet, on the contrary, supposed the whole fabric of the present earth to be a wast mass of irregularity, and confusion, the suins of his imagimary crust. But whatever cause may have operated in forming the strata, the modern geologist, who pursues his investigations, not in the narrow bounds of his closet, or laboratory, but in the profundities of the mine, and among the precipices of the mountain, soos that nature displays not less beauty, order, and design in their structure and arrangement, than in the organization of the animal and vegetable tribes, or in the laws by which she balances the word, and preserves the harmony of the system.

Note XVIII. p. 90.

He taught that central fires upheaved the earth From ocean's depths, and gave these wonders birth.

The Huttonian theory, which owes so much of its merit

and celebrity to the eloquent illustrations of Playfair, may be comprised in three propositions: 1. That the strata of the present globe were formed from the debris of an antecedent earth, which was worn down by the action of the elements, carried into the abysses of the ocean, and there deposited in horizontal strata. 2. That these strata were fused and consolidated by subaqueous heat, and their gasses prevented from escaping by the pressure of the superincumbent ocean. 3. That the strata being thus consolidated were afterwards elevated by the expansion of central fires to their present altitude, and in this operation they were broken, dislocated, and distorted into their present forms.

This theory, so bold and so captivating, is in some of its chief principles, by no means novel or original. The gradual waste and renovation of things must have been familiar to the earliest observers of nature. They formed a part of the philosophy of Pythagoras and Epicurus:

Nec species cuique sua manet: rerumque novatrix, Ex aliis alias reparat Natura figuras, Nec perit in tanto quicquam (mihi credite) mundo, Sed variat, faciemque novat.

Ovid.

No stedfast motion, but or ebbs or flows, Ever in motion, she destroys her old, And casts new figures in another mould.

Dryden.

See also Lucretius, lib ii. l. 66.

A belief in the existence of subterraneous fire is as old as the fable of Tartarus, or the first volcanic eruption. Robert Hook was the first who supposed it employed in crystallizing the strata formed by the debris of a more ancient world, under the compression of water. Hutton embraced the idea, and on it he built his system; a system which derives its chief celebrity and principal support from the experiments of Sir James Hall, and the eloquence and ability of Professor Playfair.

ther impossibility of keeping it is an insulated state, and from a consideration of the immense quantity of that element required to produce the effect. Did a central fire exist, the temperacure of the earth would be constantly encreasing, and we might at length indulge reasonable apprehensions that the idea of Whiston would be realized, and that the globe would be converted into giass. It is also objected that the Huttonian destroys all chemical agency in the deposition of the strata, and makes grains, microstate, and clay-state mechanical deposites, though undoubtedly chemical, and not composed of materials older than themselves. It is urged still farther, that though the carbonate of lime has been fused under pressure, by Sir James Hall, there are many substances containing no volatile principle, whose fusion compression could not assist; and that substances of most difficult fusion are penetrated by other substances which are most easily fused. Thus gold and silver shoot in various beautiful ramifications through quarta; garnets are found with their crystalline form unimpaired in grauite, and the cubic sulphuret of iron is imbedded in slate.

To this it might be added that those strata of arenaceous limestone, known in the county of Antrim by the name of Mulatto, abounding in water-worn pebbles, and various organic remains, were evidently never in a state of fusion. Of all depositions it is one the most decidedly mechanical. Granting then that the lime and basalt by which they are overtopped, were once fused, how did those strata escape the action of an element to which they lay nearer than the lime and basalt, and which was so powerful as to penetrate and fuse mountains a thousand feet above their level?

Note XIX. p. 93.

So forced through many a rent and opening pore, From earth's vast cauldrons gushed each fluid ore.

See a comparative view of the Neptunian and Huttonian theories, by that able chemist Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh.

The formation of metals and minerals in veins, was ascribed by Becher, in his Physica subterranea, to subterraneous vapours, producing a change on such stony and earthy substances, as they meet in their ascent. Lehman supposed that all veins were only the shoots and branches of an immense trunk placed in the centre of the earth. The Huttonian is nearly of the same opinion. He supposes that clefts and fissures were formed in the strata during the time of their consolidation, or by the violence which they suffered at their elevation, and that these clefts and fissures were afterwards filled by melted matter thrown up from the mineral regions. "That which was nearest to the sides would soonest lose its heat. The similar substances, also, would unite while this process was going forward, and would crystallize, as in other cases of congelation, from the sides toward the interior."

The process of crystallization is better and more beautifully explained by the Wernerian.

" When a fluid holds in solution the integrant molecules of several different substances, the molecules of one substance pass between those of the others, and each obeying its own laws of attraction, crystallizes separately. Besides the particular instances of this which occur in our elaboratories, there is not a metalliferous vein which does not furnish examples of it. Granite, and a number of other aggregate rocks are striking examples of this. Nature presents us with a very interesting fact in substances confusedly crystallized, which contain, disseminated through them, others in a state of perfect and regular crystallization, such as compact granular limestone, containing crystals of quartz, octahedral iron ore, and often other substances such as masses of gyps, which contain the same, or crystals of boracite, of quartz, of carbonate of lime, or lastly of Arragonite, as in Spain; such as masses of porphyry, &c. In a solution which contains the integrant molecules of many different substances, but one of them in greater abundance than the rest, the cause which has prevented the crystallization of the last of these has had no effect on the others. Is it not natural to conclude, that after the hasty and confused precipitation of the most abundant substance, the precipitated mass being of a soft texture, has been penetrated with the solution loaded with the integrant molecules of the other substances which have afterwards united and been crystallised; This kind of union is known to mineralogists by the name of elective attraction, or affinity. This explanation appears to me to be applicable to a great number of facts which we observe in nature; such for example as the formation of flint in nodules of chalk, or in larger masses in carbonate of lime."

Vide Traite de Mineralogie, par M. le Comte de Bournon. Quoted from Werner's theory of the formation of veins. Note, p. 256.

Whin Dykes, which form an important feature in the mineralogy of the County of Antrim are supposed by the Huttomans to be caused by torrents of unerupted lava, projected from the central regions.-To this hypothesis " Dr. Richardson opposes four arguments, the last of which he deems conclusive." First-The difference of materials in Dykes, which from their proximity, should have been filled from the same source. Second-The difference in grain and internal construction of the materials which compose their sides and interior parts is deemed perfectly incompatible with the high state of fluidity in which the lava must have been to fill up such west chasms of diminutive breadth. Third-They produce no such change on the substances with which they come in contact as might be expected from the contiguity of so glowing a mass. Fourth-All substances when ignited, are in a high state of dilatation: this is followed when they cool by a contraction by which they occupy less space than when heated; consequently our dykes ought not to fill the chasms which they occupy-but nothing like this is observed; the dyke and the contiguous matter, whatever it be, are solidly united together, forming but one mass."

To the first and second objections it may be answered that the difference of materials is so trifling, all the dykes being composed of whin under some of its modifications, that it does not deserve to be taken into consideration. In the discussion of a grand geological question, such microscopic differences become evanescent, especially when it is considered that differences as striking may be found in rocks which belong unquestionably to the same stratum. It is not necessary to suppose all the chasms filled by a simultaneous operation of nature. Successive eruptions will account for the variety of grain, and of internal construction, if they may not be better explained by the common laws of crystallization. As to the third objection, Playfair has long since observed that the . strata are frequently both dislocated and indurated in contact with the dykes. The Dr. himself acknowledges the dislocation in several places in the County of Antrim, and it is well known that the lime in contact with the dykes has become so granular in its structure, that it might be mistaken for marble. Instances certainly do occur where this fact is not observable. but they may be considered as anomalies in the science which farther knowledge will enable us to explain. Playfair observes that "the induration of the sides of these veins is such that they become more durable than the vein itself, so that the whinstone has been worn away by the washing of the waves, and has left the sides standing up, with an empty space like a ditch between them." An illustration of this fact may be observed on the shore of Carrickfergus, in a small dyke which is worn down so much that it seems as if the keel of a vessel had produced the long excavation it has left.

The fourth argument in which the Dr. has placed his main battle, and which he thinks irresistible, is most unfortunately for his cause, founded in error. All substances are not dilated by heat. The powerful expansion of water when it is changed to ice is well known. Wedgwood's pyrometer is constructed on the principle of clay's being contracted by the operation of fire. Cast Iron, bismuth, and other metals are more dense in their fused than in their solid state. Now iron and clay enter so largely into the composition of whin, that so far from expecting a contraction, we should look for an expansion of the fused mass during its conversion to a state of solidity!

The Dr. farther observes that the "dyke and contiguous matter, whatever it b", are solidly united together forming but one mass."

Dr. Richardson's well known zeal for the establishment of facts, must plead the apology of those who, actuated by a similar zeal, venture to question the accuracy even of so accurate an observer as he. Whin dykes traverse so great a variety of substances that we should not expect them always to exhibit the same phenomena at their contacts. In some places they do adhere firmly as if welded into each wall of the vein, as may be the case at the Giants' Causeway, and Salisbury Craig, near Edinburgh. But in a great many cases there is a softening and decay of the materials with which they are in contact. It has been already mentioned that the dyke is sometimes worn down, so as to leave an excavation like a ditch. But, I believe, it happens more frequently that the contiguous strata are worn down, and the dyke left standing. This is obviously the case with the chief dyke at the Cave-hill: and numerous similar intances occur on the Carrickfergus shore.

Note XX. p. 95.

On Abyssinian hills, redundant Nile
Once saw the Delta's beauteous landscapes smile.

It was understood so early as the time of Herodotus, that the lower part of Egypt, and particularly the Delta, was formed by deposition of the mud of Nile; and the origin of Holland is traced to a similar cause. "Very extensive mechanical formations are daily taking place on the coasts, and even in some places at a considerable distance from them, by the waters of the ocean. In the Baltic or East sea, many appearances of this kind are observed. Thus the bay of Fulbaka, which was navigated with boats, within the memory of man, is now filled up and covered with grass. Several harbours in Lapland that formerly admitted vessels, are now three or four thousand paces from the sea; and at Helsingor, there are iron works in places which were covered by the sea, about 80

years ago. The whole of the ancient kingdom of Prussia appears to have been formed in this manner; it is said that the sea reached as far as Culm, within the period of human history. The city of Dantzic, several hundred years ago, was close on the sea shore."

Jameson's Geognosy.

Charlevoix observes that when Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec, in 1608, "the tide rose sometimes to the foot of the rock. Since that time the river has retired by degrees, and left a great space dry, where they have built the lower city."

The progress of disintegration is apparent in every region of the world. The mountains are sinking beneath the effects of continual corrosion; their debris forms the alluvial soil of which so many extensive districts are composed...new Deltas and new islands rise from the ruin; but these again will be worn away in the lapse of years, be carried into the abyses of the ocean, and, according to the Huttonian theory, form the strata of a renovated globe.

Note XXI. p. 96.

Ye fair-haired wanderers of the skies sublime, For ever roll, nor fear the steps of time.

Sir I. Newton has inferred from the perturbing forces of the planets that the system of the universe has a principle of destruction lodged in itself, and that without the immediate interposition of omnipotence, the whole will fall into irreparable confusion. The late discoveries of La Grange and La Place have shown the error of this opinion, and demonstrated from the principle of universal gravitation that "all the variations in our system are periodical; that they are confined within certain limits; and consist of alternate diminutions and increase. The orbits of the planets change not only their position, but even their magnitude and their form: the longer axis of each has a slow angular motion; and though its length remains fixed, the shorter axis increases and diminishes,

so that the form of the orbit approaches that of a circle, and recedes from it by turns. In the same manner, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the inclination of the planetary orbits, are subject to change; but the changes are small, and being first in one direction, and then in the opposite, they can never accumulate so as to produce a permanent or a progressive alteration. Thus, in the celestial motions, no room is left for the introduction of disorder; no irregularity or disturbance, arising from the mutual action of the planets, is permitted to increase beyond certain limits, but each of them, in time, affords a correction for itself. The general order is constant, in the midst of the variation of the parts; and, in the language of La Place, there is a certain mean condition, about which our system perpetually oscillates, performing small vibrations on each side of it, and never receding from it far. The system is thus endowed with a stability, which can resist the lapse of unlimited duration; it can only perish by an external cause, and by the introduction of laws, of which at present no vestige is to be traced."

"The geological system of Dr. Hutton, resembles, in many respects, that which appears to preside over the heavenly motions. In both we perceive continual vicissitude and change, but coufined within certain limits, and never departing far from a certain mean condition, which is such, that, in the lapse of time, the deviations from it on the one side, must become just equal to the deviations from it on the other. In both, a provision is made for duration of unlimited extent, and the lapse of time has no effect to wear out or destroy a machine, constructed with so much wisdom. Where the movements are all so perfect, their beginning and end must be alike invisible."

END OF THE NOTES.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

Page 31.

Thy Percy hail with age and honor crowned, Loved by the muse and by the muse renowned.

Since writing this couplet, the good, the pious, the philanthropic Bishop Percy-the friend and the favourite of the muses, the patron and the guide of genius, alas! its only patron of rank in the north of Ireland !!! the most blameless shepherd of Messiah's flock, is no more! Tho' born on another soil he loved Ireland as the land of his birth. A less eccentric, and less dazzling orb than Lord Bristol, another Englishman, Bishop of Londonderry, whose taste adorned our shores, but more regular, more beautiful, and shedding a more serene, and more permanent splendour, his genius enlightened, his example edified, and his benevolence blessed the land on which he shone. Dromore has the peculiar felicity, and boast, that one of her Bishops was the eloquent Jeremy Taylor, and another the enlightened and benevolent Percy. Bishop Hall, these are great examples! If thy soul aspire to the double immortality of earth and heaven emulate, or surpass their virtues.

Page 117.

For Charles O'Neil read Shane O'Demis O'Neil.

Page 120.

It should have been mentioned that Monro did not obtain possession of Carrick-Fergus till April 1642, and consequently, that all our historians are in an error who impute to him the massacre in Island Magee.

Page 139.

On a more attentive examination of the caves, at the Cavehill. I have no hesitation in concluding them to be the work of art. The first is quadrangular, 18 feet deep, 21 broad, 9 high. The second which stands above the first, is 71 feet deep, 81 broad, and 6 high. Near it on the same level is an excavation which appears to be the commencement of a new cave: and above it, in the face of the precipice, where it is accessible only by a very expert climber, or by the assistance of a rope from above, is a third, which was explored by my servant Hugh Watts, from whom I have obtained the following particulars. It consists of two apartments; the former about the size of the first cave, or searcely so roomy. From this there is a narrow passage to the left, and a steep descent about 6 feet perpendicular to the inner apartment which is 28 feet long, 16 broad, and 71 high. It does not penetrate the rock in a line at right angles to the entrance, but takes a winding direction, and at the extremity has an opening which appears like the mouth of another cave, situated as far below the level of the entrance as the inner is below the outer apartment. There are also some caves of very difficult access at the Knockagh, and another shaped like an oven at the waterfall of Woodburn. As these caves are all in amygdaloid, a friable rock full of cavities, they may have been excavated without any extraordinary labour: they were no doubt the abodes of our savage ancestors, airy and comfortable abodes 200, compared to those caverns so often discovered in the flat ground in which they were wont to burrow. Who knows but the third cave may have been the princely residence of the great Ollam Fodhla, or Conn of the hundred battles ?--- a country box perhaps of the magnificent Brian Boiromhe! The gay parterres, and breezy terraces which surround it would afford fine morning exercise to the ladies of his court.

Page 144.

Of the huge pillar at Fair-head, an ingenious friend has observed that it is the largest pillar in the world. Its specific gravity being about 2, 8, its weight could be easily calculated, and it is so situated that a vessel or raft of any burden could be brought within 200 yards of it. If we lived

in the time of the Grecian or Roman splendour it would be erected as a monument to some public benefactor."

As the reader may not be incurious to compare the size of this basaltic prism with some of those huge masses of stone on which human ingenuity has been exercised, the following measurements of a few of the most remarkable are annexed.

Pompey's pillar diameter 9 feet, shaft 90, pedestal 20 high. The sphinx, according to Pliny, the head 102 feet in circumference, 62 high from the belly, 148 long.

Sesostris raised six gigantic statues, cach of one stone, two of them representing himself and wife, each 30 cubits high, the other four his sons, each 20 cubits. But these magnificent works were far inferior to those of Amasis one of his successors, he removed from Memphis to the temple of Minerya at Sais, a house of one stone, 21 cubits in front, 14 deep, and 8 high; in the interior 18, 12, and 5. 2000 men were employed three years in transporting this extraordinary edifice. He had a colossal statue 75 feet long, in a supine posture, to be laid before the temple of Vulcan, and on the same basis, two statues cut out of the same stone standing on each side of the great one.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus contained 127 columns each 60 feet high.

Pliny says that in one of the Egyptian temples of Jupiter was an obelisk consisting of four smaragds or emeralds, the whole 40 cubits high, and 4 broad at the base. The colossus of Rhodes was 70 cubits high; the brazen statue of Nero 120 feet.

Some of the finest columns in Rome were brought from Egypt. In 1586 an old obelisk was erected which had been formerly dedicated to Julius Cæsar—one solid stone of ophite 107 feet high, 12 broad at the base, and 8 at the top. It was transported at the expense of Pope Sixtus, the 5th, from the left side of the Vatican to a more eminent situation, where it now stands.

The labour of the Indians in raising great stones, without the aid of mechanical powers is very surprising. Acosta relates that he measured one at Tiaguanaca which was S8 feet long, 18 broad and 6 thick, and he affirms that in their stateliest edifices there were many others of much vaster magnitude.

See a treatise on Mechanics, by (I believe) Bishop Wilkins.

"The pedestal of Peter the Great's statue at Petersburg, is estimated at 500 tons weight. It is 42 feet broad at the base, 36 at the top, 21 thick and 17 high. It was four miles from the water, but was conveyed on rollers to the river Neva, where the ice rendered its farther transportation easy. The colossal statue on Horseback, and the enormous rock he is ascending in the midst of a city of his own creation, appears to me, one of the most magnificent ideas that ever struck a sovereign."

The following barometrical measurement of Benmore has also been obligingly communicated by a friend. The Mercury at the low station, which was 10 feet from the level of the sea, stood at 29, 31, its temperature 56° of Fahrenheit's Thermometer, temperature of the air 60°. Height of the Mercury at the upper station 23, 74, its temperature 55°. That of the air 54°.

By the usual mode of finding the result of this process, it appears that Benmore is only 545 feet high.

Page 168.

To the facts recorded of Rathlin let the following be added from Archdale's Monasticon Hibernicum.

St. Comgall landed on this Island with an intent to erect a cell, but he was instantly seized by a band of 30 military men, who holding his hands, drove him out of the Island. St. Colman succeeded better, A. D. 546. In 630, St. Segene abbot of Hy, repaired its abbey.

In August 1575 General Morris sailed from Carrick-Fergus to Rathlin, took its castle, spoiled the country and killed 240 men. See the History and Antiquities of Carrick-Fergus by S. McSkimin. The description of the round tower at Antrim, p. 127, quoted from the Belfast Magazine, was written by the same author.







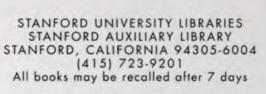
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